

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 16, No. 4. {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.} Office—50 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 6, 1902.

TERMS: {Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$1.} Whole No. 784

Things in General.

THE Dominion Opposition will have to whistle to keep their courage up after the results in Yarmouth, N.S., and Argenteuil. It is about time for them to do something or win somewhere, if they are going to make good their threat of "wallowing" the Government at the next general elections. Notwithstanding the tendency of by-elections to go against the party out of office, it would have surprised no one had Argenteuil gone Conservative. I cannot recall any time, since before 1896, when the Liberal party were so much at sixes and sevens as they seem to be at present. Yet the Opposition is so utterly weak and discredited that it cannot take advantage of the situation. In Yarmouth the normal G. I. majority has been quadrupled, and in Argenteuil the majority, though somewhat reduced, is sufficient to indicate that there is no turning of the tide towards the Tory party as now constituted. As Mr. W. F. Maclean will doubtless remark, it is time for the Conservatives to do some thinking.

CANADA is in need of a constructive statesman—a nation-builder, a man who has a grasp of affairs and knows how to take advantage of the materials afforded by prosperity, circumstance, chance, whatever it is which places nation-building material in his hand. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to be ill. At one time it appeared as if he were the heaven-sent Moses to lead us out of the northern snows. His difficulties as a French-Canadian have kept him from the greatness which was probably his by right. It is doubtful if any French-Canadian will ever be the successful leader of the Canadian hegira which is to make us a great nation, second only to the United States in this hemisphere. That no man is developing on these lines is a matter of sincere regret, for no one who is observant of the tide of affairs can fail to have recognized the fact that either Great Britain is to move into the new hemisphere or the northern section of it which is known as Canada must become an independent nation.

Much ado has been made with regard to our duty in matters of the Empire, and a strong case has been made out leaving us greatly in debt to the country which has protected us, whose navy has escorted our commercial fleet time and again across the ocean. Sentimentally, those who argue this case are very strong in their position. As a matter of fact, there is nothing in their attitude but an attempt to posture before a multitude of people. Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, numberless South American republics, exist without any definite navy and are not bothered with regard to defending their ships at sea. Great Britain has refused to recognize in a material way the tie between herself and her colonies. There is to be no benefit coming to a colony which will affect the taxation of the Mother Land. We may as well recognize this, and with it should come to us the recognition that our difficulties, our necessities for defence, the complications which arise over old diplomatic troubles, are of themselves born of our British connection. Simply stated, our difficulties and complications are almost universally those which are British in their origin and by their long standing have become national sores because of the tardiness of British diplomacy and its slowness to settle a thing in this part of the world when it has so many other questions to settle elsewhere in which a Canadian question could be made a makeshift or a makeweight. In the matter of a South African boundary, a South American award, or in the settlement of a South Sea bubble of any kind, a Canadian question is handy as an offset.

That Canada is becoming weary of this is being accentuated by the necessity of Newfoundland going to Washington asking for special terms for the fish that its people catch. Canadians, as a rule, outside of the Maritime Provinces, are not a fish-catching people, and they are no greatly enamored of laws which have to do with commercial fishery. That a certain section of them is interested in this business and that the disruption of the British Empire as established in the new hemisphere is likely to be the result of a perfectly natural seeking for advantages of export, should be the danger signal inviting a larger conception of things than has been characteristic of the past.

The British West Indies, hat in hand, have been appealing to Washington. Newfoundland, obviously a portion of the commonwealth of Canada, has been seeking better terms. Great Britain has been pursuing a war which has paralyzed her in South Africa regardless of the great triumphs which could be achieved in peace and by constructive statesmanship. It behooves us to ask the question whether a peaceful British Empire cannot be created in the Western Hemisphere without sending men whom we cannot spare, and spending money which is an everlasting waste, attending to quarrels which were not of our creating and the settlement of which is not to our benefit. Again let me clamor for a constructive statesman who is looking after the building up of a self-contained country with the wealth of wheat and cattle and sugar and fruit which the West Indies and Canada combined would produce.

It is quite true that we are having an "American" invasion, an invasion of people looking after good things, but who, if their record at home is taken into consideration, do not politically propose to do good things. We have seen the "American" management of the C.P.R. seize our lands to an extent beyond the toleration of any prudent person. We see Mr. President Hays of the Grand Trunk coming in to seize more lands. We have already seen prehensile peasants, such as Mackenzie and Mann, attaching territory to themselves and their schemes, which must be a wound to every self-respecting citizen. The "bauern" of every nation seem to be coming in and seizing what we in our lack of self-respect fail to appreciate. Small disturbances, owing to small rows over the distribution of what is being divided, agitate us to a greater extent than the policy which should govern what is practically a great kingdom. The petty quarrels of corporations and the pusillanimous misleading of public opinion that the eye of no great master of the public mind shall be fastened on the real sore, should alarm those who are interested in retaining the heritage of Canada for the sons of this fruitful soil. That aliens are quarrelling over what we have to dispose of should make the soul of every Canadian sick. That those who can divert public attention, are being engaged by corporations that the plunder may be divided without attention being attracted, is certainly something calculated to concentrate attention on the row of robbers who sit around, dividing up the garments of the unwary and the unwise.

THE Canadian cattle business has been hit hard by the outbreak of foot and mouth disease in six of the New England States and the consequent regulations adopted to prevent the spread of infection to the Dominion. Canadian cattle cannot now be bonded through Maine by the C.P.R. to the winter port of St. John, N.B., nor shipped out of Portland or Boston without incurring all the penalties attaching to shipments originating in the quarantined district. Only the Intercolonial Railway is left as a means of reaching tidewater. This seems to be one more case

in which Canada is merely the backyard with a ten-foot fence around it and no right of way. One Canadian shipper with \$36,000 worth of cattle in Boston ready to be put on shipboard for England, will lose \$12,000. The only thing that he can do is to have the animals slaughtered and the dead meat sent on to England. He will have to dispose of the hides in Boston. But much more serious than any individual loss is the general dislocation of the whole Canadian cattle trade consequent upon what appears to be a vexatious and wholly unnecessary order. There appears to be no sufficient reason why cattle should not continue to pass over the C.P.R. short line through Maine to St. John. The northern part of Maine is said to be outside the infected region. It is not a grazing but a lumbering country. The run through that State is a short one, and with ordinary precautions it should be easy to rush cattle trains from the Quebec to the New Brunswick boundary without incurring the remotest risk of contagion. The C.P.R., not being allowed to handle the trade over its own line to St. John, is refusing shipment of cattle entirely. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, in an interview, has characterized as a piece of stupidity the order of the Department of Agriculture issued in compliance with the wishes of the British Board of Agriculture, which is notoriously unfriendly to the Canadian cattle trade. "The order was evidently made hastily," he declared, "and before its bearing or probable effect on the trade had been considered—possibly through ignorance of the geographical situation of the country, or lack of acquaintance with the Canadian routes to the seaboard." The president of the C.P.R. is wrong, let us hope, in thinking that the attitude of the British authorities was assumed on the advice of the Canadian Department of Agriculture. This country is rapidly learning to expect no commercial

provided for reciprocity in fishery products between the United States and Newfoundland, irrespective of Canada. Canada, having been unable to secure a similar arrangement with the United States, protested to the Imperial Government against Newfoundland being permitted to make such a compact without her inclusion, and the protest was effective until now, when Sir Robert Bond has again negotiated a treaty with the Imperial sanction, and independent of the effect on Canada. The other issues between Newfoundland and the United States, as Mr. McGrath shows, all hang upon the fisheries question. "If," says he, "we fail to secure reciprocity, the result must be to throw us into the arms of Canada, ever open to embrace us. In such a contingency the Canadian Federal Government would take over the control of our fisheries from the provincial administration and a united policy would be possible. The fisheries of British North America would be absolutely barred to the Americans, because Canada would then have in her own hands the lever by which to force them to grant her reciprocity, or else she would do her best to destroy the New England fishing industry. The existing *modus vivendi*, which was originally only intended to be two years, has been continued season after season in the hope that some transformation in the status of the problem might take place which would give an opportunity for effecting a compromise between the three contributories. Canada has already come to see that there is no prospect of her being able to make terms for herself, and she stands ready to denounce the *modus vivendi* as soon as she is satisfied that Newfoundland will do the same. If reciprocity fails, there will be no longer any reason why we should continue to recognize that makeshift, and our canceling it would leave the American fleet without a solitary means of pro-

ated only a few months since, and no special effort has been put forth, I am informed, to make converts, yet the membership already numbers about 2,000 and is rapidly increasing. The way this idea has "caught on" shows the eagerness of Canadians to arrive at their economic majority and to cease to be under the ignominious industrial tutelage of foreign and not too friendly nations. The new spirit in Canada is such as, directed by a statesman of vision, would soon place this country in a better position than it has ever yet occupied, and make us a people to be respected by those who now affect to despise us.

THE New York papers lately have been discussing the report that a recently deceased woman of that city left her husband by will to another woman. This testamentary vagary indicating a dying wife's belief that her husband was a peculiar kind of personal property, it seems to me should have excited less comment than it did, though it is to be hoped that the will, if entered for probate, will not stand in law. If it does, married men will feel very uneasy lest they be willed to some undesirable widow or cross-grained spinster. Nevertheless, such a disposal of a husband has in it as much common sense as is shown by a wife who, when about to depart hence, extorts a promise from her husband that he will never marry again, which is often made binding by threats to haunt him if he ever forgets his vow. I have known several instances of this sort of thing, and in every case such rash promises, which it is hard for a man to refrain from making, have either made him long for a new partner, thus making him feel doubly lonesome and miserable, or ended in his breaking the rashly given promise, and thus filling his weak mind with fear of being pursued by the spirit of his former spouse. The really loving wife would never will her husband to a woman that she did not believe would make him happy, and probably in such a matter as the selection of a second wife she would prove a better judge of who should occupy that position than the man himself, for the widower is apt to become giddy and chase after someone young and gay rather than take pains to select one whose age and education have made her a fit companion. To deny a man the right to marry again, or for a husband to implore his wife to remain single and perhaps lonesome and poor for the balance of her days to commemorate her affection for him, cannot be described as anything but unadulterated selfishness. Of course where a woman leaves a family of children who are able to keep a home together, the fear of them having a stepmother is an agonizing thought. However, it has often been shown that a man dying and leaving a fortune makes a great mistake in trying to so arrange the disposal of the money that the beneficiaries of his will will be under the tutelage and parental care of executors to the same extent as they were under his management when alive. Either a lawsuit or an actual hatred of the testator is almost certainly the result. Those who die should leave the world and those in it to take care of themselves after they become of age and have experience enough to manage their affairs. For people to die and try to carry a string with them into the other world to which are attached their families and their fortunes, is a mistake, though I have been told by lawyers of prominence that during the last years of a rich man's life he thinks more about tying up his money so that it will stay in one bunch and be used as he directs, than about the future of his soul.

OUR own Dominick Edward Blake and Mither Joseph Devlin, M.P., ripristin' that most distressful of all countries, ancient or modern, mythical or actual, to wit, Ireland, have come, and have orated, and, incidentally, have collected just a few hundred elegant Canadian greenbacks with which to sustain their verbal warfare on the bloody Sassenach. Having accomplished this, they will now journey back to the capital of the iron-heeled oppressor, and there, obedient to the latest order of the hierarchy, hold up both hands like good little boys for the much-debated Education Bill of "Brutal Balfour and his gang." Thus do we obtain new light on the development of cloister politics in the Irish Catholic kingdom of unrest. It may be remarked that the speeches at the meeting in Association Hall on Monday evening were of a much less extreme and more conciliating character than the reported addresses of Irish delegates speaking in the United States. It is impossible to misrepresent British laws and the British constitution to a Canadian audience. The line of reasoning followed by Messrs. Devlin and Blake proceeded from the position that if Ireland got what she wanted the distressful country would be a true friend to England and a reliable partner in the business of empire building. But this is not the position always taken by Irish orators. There was no note of defiance and no threat of vengeance in the Toronto speeches. And in view of the fact that the Irish M.P.'s at Westminster will shortly be compelled to line up on the Education Bill behind the leader whom they have described as a tyrant and oppressor, it is well that Messrs. Devlin and Blake did not attempt to go into any minute analysis of the political situation.

It has always been an extraordinary phase of religion and nationalism going hand in hand, that religion must always yield to the nationalist impulse and be subservient to the heart-cry of those who wish to be racially dominant and free—the wish to be free, of course, is vague, and I shall not attempt to define it. In French Canada this vague impulse took on a shape which made the Church look like fifteen cents of counterfeit money. When a leader arose to whom the people gave general acclaim, politics was all of it and religious denunciation cut no figure. I believe that in national politics race has much more to do with the decision of people than religion. Religionists are prosperous when they endorse the racial cry. Ireland would cease to be a country of woes and trouble if the religionists went out of sympathy with the racialists. If no longer the priests and the prelates professed themselves in sympathy with the Nationalists, the Land Leaguers would at once become the enemies of the Church as well as the enemies of Great Britain. The men that are now looking for the right to dominate Ireland are merely the servants of the Church. No greater evidence of this could be afforded than that the hierarchy ordered the Nationalists back to Parliament to vote on the Education question. That it is to the well-being of the hierarchy that the educational question shall be settled so that the Church—no matter what Church—shall be at liberty to control youthful upbringing, is evident. In fighting for Anglican Church education to be paid for those who get rate bills, Mr. Balfour is fighting in behalf of churchmen of all kinds. His fight is not only for Anglicans, but for Roman Catholics who believe that education is an elementary process of religion. That the Nationalists—the Irish Roman Catholics—have been ordered back to Parliament by the hierarchy to vote in favor of the Education Bill, seems to me the greatest evidence that it is a reactionary measure.

Ireland remains a sore, and will, no doubt, remain an irritant as long as Great Britain is organized as it is. It should be a problem with us whether we can afford to re-



TORONTO'S JOURNALISTIC DON QUIXOTE ON HIS NEW MOUNT.

favors of any sort from Great Britain; in the matter of the cattle trade even fair treatment has been steadily denied us.

OUR municipal, moral and literary preceptor, good Mr. Howland, when he next starts out to read the news papers a lesson on the use of the King's English and the principles of prose composition, would do well to watch his own metaphors a little more carefully than he did in his Brockton Hall speech on Tuesday night. His Worship said, amongst other cruel and cutting things: "He was glad that the people had been able to look through the looking-glass of public affairs, the press, and see the man behind. Because, during his term of office he had been persistently misrepresented and maligned." etc. This is the first time most of us have ever heard, outside the works of the late Lewis Carroll, of looking-glasses that people could see through. We are all glad, however, to be assured that Mayor Howland is the man behind the mirror, and he is hereby called upon to come out and show himself in plain sight. He will doubtless feel more at home in front of the looking-glass than behind it.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT urges the ratification of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty in his annual message to Congress. This is an important matter to Canada as well as the Island Colony. The whole future of Newfoundland is at stake. If confederation is ever to be completed by the admission of Newfoundland as a province, it will be because the island fails to establish satisfactory commercial relations with the great Republic at whose door she is now appearing as a suppliant. If the future of Canada as a country independent of the United States is ever endangered, nothing will contribute more certainly to our discomfiture than the estrangement of Newfoundland from the Dominion and its commercial absorption by the Republic. In the "Atlantic Monthly" Mr. P. T. McGrath, a journalist of St. John's, discusses the new treaty, reviving the Bond-Blaine convention, which Premier Bond has recently negotiated and which is now awaiting the ratification of the United States Senate. Mr. McGrath contends that matters of much greater moment than a mere economic arrangement between an obscure British colony and the United States are involved. The convention is really the kernel of the whole fisheries difficulty. If the treaty is ratified, the New England and Newfoundland fishing interests will, he argues, be allied against Canada, while, if it is rejected, Newfoundland must turn her face towards Canada and her back towards the United States.

The Bond-Blaine convention was framed in 1890, and

curing bait or of availing itself of the facilities which, although not specifically provided for by treaty, Newfoundland nevertheless accords to the Yankee fishing vessels. The effects of this policy it is not difficult to forecast. The American fishermen, deprived of bait, would be poorly able to maintain their maritime industry, and would gradually be driven from the Grand Banks. Neither Newfoundland nor Canada would suffer seriously, as their only loss would be the sums paid for licenses, and these would be very much more than offset by the prospect which there would be of securing a large slice of the American market by the decline of the New England fishery.

Thus, it is the fear that Canada and Newfoundland may join hands that is now being put forward as the best of all reasons why the United States should hasten to bring Newfoundland into her commercial fold. Canada is not wildly impatient to add the French Shore difficulty to her list of unsolved problems, but if the results of the rejection of the new treaty were to be as Mr. McGrath thinks, it will not be unwelcome news to a great number of Canadians should the Senate at Washington follow its usual practice and give the Bond-Hay treaty the axe.

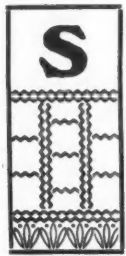
THE Quirk murder inquest at Brantford, after months of fruitless investigation by the detectives, has been concluded without the faintest prospect of the murderer ever being discovered. The number of crimes of this sort in which the guilty are undetected seems to be on the increase. There is probably no greater fallacy than the old belief that murder will out.

THE rapid growth of the Canadian Preference League indicates the new spirit that is taking hold of the people of this country. The League is a purely voluntary organization. The aim is not to give any foreign country "the worst of it," but simply to give Canada the best of it. Professor Goldwin Smith has attacked the League as an attempt to boycott the United States, but the pledge taken by those who join does not bear out this interpretation. The pledge reads:

"I hereby associate myself with the Canadian Preference League, and as a member thereof I pledge myself to give preference when making purchases to the products of this country and to all articles of Canadian manufacture, when the quality is equal and the cost is not in excess of that of similar foreign products or manufactured articles. I also undertake to give preference to Canadian labor and to this country's educational and financial institutions."

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main in association with sores of this kind. It certainly is not making us any money, but it is always providing us with an element of uncertainty and of trouble. One of the resolutions passed at the Toronto meeting called on the representatives of the Canadian people in the legislative bodies to give renewed expression to the opinion of Canada in favor of Home Rule. What is the opinion of Canada on Irish Home Rule? Does anybody know what it is? And even if Canada has an opinion, why should we hasten to meddle in a problem in no sense ours, while resenting any attempt to direct Canadian affairs from outside?

THERE is said to be a scheme on foot to organize a Schoolteachers' Union. Combinations of all sorts have been projected, and in many cases have been effected—and it seems to me with much damage to the public. For a moment consider how a Schoolteachers' Union would work out if organized in harmony with all the other Unions controlling the industrial business of Canada. The great success of Unionism is in the complication of interests which it controls. For instance, in a newspaper office the Stereotypers' Union will not stereotype matter set by "scab" printers. The pressmen will not print from plates where a "scab" is at all discernible. The men employed to mail the newspapers of course belong to a Union, and would not mail any paper upon which a "scab" was to be seen. Now if the schoolteachers form a Union, which is so utterly preposterous that it can only be discussed in order to make plain its absurdity, no "scab" child, nobody who did not come into the school wearing the Union label, could be taught. How absolutely impossible it would be for teachers wearing the Union label to discriminate against the children of non-Unionists who came to their school requiring and expecting education, but unable to obtain it because their parents were "scabs." This is another case where the public pay the taxes, furnish the schools, schoolrooms, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and where every child has an absolute right of entrance without examination as to Unionist or non-Unionist parentage.

It is quite possible that a Schoolteachers' Union might not have to do with the children, but would be concerned only as to the teachers. What closer Union could be had than that established by the Education Department, which requires qualifications not easily passed over? No doubt there are more qualified teachers than can find employment, but how can this condition be bettered? Certainly not by an agreement that no one shall teach at less than a stated sum. If this were to be a scheme generally enforced and the non-employed teacher was to be pensioned by those who were at work, the burden would be very much heavier with working schoolteachers than it is now. Schoolteaching is a public service. The public school is one of those things which people have agreed, not without a certain amount of quarrelling, to co-operate in. Those engaging in this service are public servants, and they have no right to have Unions or engage in conspiracies against the public—their masters. No one who is doing the work which a community desires to be done on the co-operative plan, thus making it a municipal or public affair, should be permitted to use the certificate granted as a necessary qualification to schoolteaching, as a weapon to club the public for whose protection that certificate was granted.

THE policemen, it is said, are talking of forming Unions—another case of public servants endeavoring to get an undue advantage out of the baton of their office. What fear have they of "scab" policemen? Lord bless us and save us! there can be no policemen without appointment, and after they are appointed we cannot argue with them. What benefit would a Union be to men whose word is law when they are on the beat? It could be for no other purpose than to protect Union men who often, for the moment at least, are organized to defy the law. One cannot contemplate a Policemen's Union in the light of such a suggestion. As a matter of fact, Unionism is going mad, and, as I have a dozen times reiterated, the Parliament of Canada must step in and prohibit any conspiracy on the part of public servants either to raise their own wages or to protect those who are engaged in an enterprise of such a character. We might as well have a Union of the judges on the Bench, a conspiracy amongst the officials who constitute our Government, or some wide-reaching combination which would include the King as a dominant factor in a scheme to raise salaries of an executive sort.

The whole thing has become a farce. Unionism has become a conspiracy, and so widespread has the suggestion of this conspiracy been made that everyone in the community finds himself necessarily a loser either sentimentally or materially by the combinations. If we have schoolteachers', firemen's, postmen's and policemen's Unions, we shall find ourselves absolutely at the mercy of those whom we pay to serve us. Life will be no longer worth living if we are to be bulldozed at every point. It will not be long before we shall have to wear the Union label pasted on our forehead or on our hat before we can either get a letter, have our house saved from burning, have a child taught at school, or be protected from assault on the street. Good Lord, save us from any such result as this!

A YOUNG married woman of Rochester, N.Y., was arrested for having stabbed to death a music teacher scarcely out of her teens. The infuriated wife rang the door-bell and when the music teacher answered it started to cut her into pieces, pursuing the screaming girl into the kitchen, where she stabbed her to the heart. Five stab wounds in all were inflicted, and more would have been given her had no interference taken place. The murderer escaped, but a woman said to answer her description and who is generally suspected of the crime has been arrested. All that the woman with the knife was heard to say was, "She has come between myself and my husband, and I am glad she is dead."

I confess that I cannot understand the maniacal and murderous fury which comes upon those thwarted in love or convinced of the infidelity of persons supposed to be attached to them alone. It is not difficult to appreciate the first coming of a terrible shock which convinces one that the love-making one has listened to has been very much of a farce, but when after mature deliberation assault or murder is decided upon it must be held that reason to a certain extent was overthrown. What good does it do a man who finds his sweetheart or his wife unfaithful to him to kill the woman or the other fellow, who perhaps did not particularly care to be the recipient of the woman's affection? Possibly it may occasionally be on the ground that the preferred one being removed the affection will swing around to the old magnet. This theory, however, is untenable, because a woman is always faithful to the man she loves, and if she did not love in the fullest sense of the term, to kill the balance of the human race would not strengthen her attachment. On the other hand, a woman who suspects the one for whom she most cares of dividing with or directing his affections to another fair one, does not benefit her case by hysterics, hair-pulling, or demonstrations of rage. Divorce or legal separation should settle a matter between married folk who cannot agree. Rows and murders are the implements generally used by those who establish thereby their bad temper or their vulgarity. It is pretty hard to tell when a person responds entirely to one's affection—in fact, it is fairly hard to tell when one's own affection is entirely centered upon another. It is only after traveling together for years over rough and smooth road, in cloud and sunshine, in ease and discomfort, that the existence of absorbing reciprocal affection is established. One thing, however, is certain: no good can be done, no restitution of affection can be procured, no revenge to compensate for the suffering inflicted can be brought about, by violence. It seems strange to have such frequent opportunities to say all this with regard to Love. Tender an emotion as it is, it would appear that in its misdirected form it is nothing but an implacable Fury, which reminds one of the old saying:

"Love is like a dove, it cometh from above.
Some it never hits, but it scatters all their wits,
By gum!"

Religious Thought in the Light of the Twentieth Century.

A Series of Sermons by Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of the Unitarian Church.

III.—THE NEW THOUGHT OF MAN.

IN this series of sermons I have spoken on the "New Thought of Religion and of God." My theme to-night is the "New Thought of Man."

I take as my text the words of St. Paul, found in Ephesians 4: 13, "Till we all come . . . unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Before we can understand properly the new, and, as I believe, higher and better, thought of man, which is coming to our time, it will be important for us to get clearly in mind what is the old thought—I mean the thought which has been dominant in Christendom for fifteen hundred years, or since the time of Augustine, about four hundred years after Christ. So far as I am aware, every Christian Church except those distinctly known as Liberal, is based upon the doctrine of original sin; that is, upon the belief that God created a literal Adam and Eve, who were the first parents of the human race, and placed them in a literal Garden of Eden; that they were tempted by Satan in the form of a serpent, yielded to the temptation, and fell, dragging down with them the whole human race into a condition of depravity and ruin from which nobody can be saved—not the best man that ever lived, or even the innocent babe—except through the atoning sacrifice and merits of Christ.

I call this the old view of man, because it has held almost undisputed sway in Christendom since Augustine's day. Now what is to be said of this view? Why is our age questioning it? Why are our best minds on every side reaching out after something better? The difficulties in the way of the old view are many.

For one thing, it does not seem to have adequate Scripture support. The Higher Criticism of the Bible is showing us that all parts of the Bible are not of equal value or of equal authority. In the New Testament the teachings of Jesus must be placed higher than the teachings of His disciples, who often misunderstood Him, and who stood on a distinctly lower moral and spiritual plane than their Master. In the Old Testament the Psalms and the greater Prophets contain teachings of a distinctly higher order than those found, for example, in such books as Joshua and Judges, which represent an earlier age, a cruder civilization, and a lower moral and religious development. Now when we look in the New Testament for this doctrine of the fall of the race in Adam and the consequent depravity and ruin of man's nature, it is noticeable that we do not find it in the teachings of Jesus. Seemingly He either knew nothing about it, or else He regarded it as false, for nothing that comes to us from Him lends it any support. Such doubtful sanction as it gets in the New Testament comes from the Epistles, notably from one or two of Paul. Turn to the Old Testament, and what do we find? Is the doctrine discoverable in the greater Prophets or the Psalms? Not a sign of it. The story of Adam, Eve and the Fall is found in the book of Genesis, but it was evidently a poetical legend or myth imported into Palestine from Chaldea at a very late date—the book of Genesis itself being one of the latest-written of the Old Testament books. There is no reason to believe that any Old Testament writer ever heard of any such doctrine of the fall of the race in Adam and the consequent depravity and ruin of humanity as has been taught in the Christian Church. Indeed, in the Christian Church itself it finds a clear place only from the time of Augustine, four centuries after Christ.

But there are other difficulties with the doctrine besides its want of proper Scripture support. It is not a reasonable doctrine. Our age is feeling this more and more. All that is rational and sane in human nature revolts at the idea that a God of infinite intelligence and wisdom could form a plan for a world which should break down at its very inception. Still further, it is not an ethical doctrine. It degrades and blackens the character of God. Could a God in whose nature was any justice, hang the fate of a whole race for time and eternity upon the conduct of a single pair of utterly inexperienced human beings whom He allowed to be tempted by the superhuman arts and subtlety of Satan himself? Another objection to the doctrine is that it is so gloomy and hopeless. The world a wreck! Man a wreck! Human nature "made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil!" If this is the real condition of things, there should not be a laugh or a smile on earth. Every human eye should be filled with tears. Nay, every angel in heaven should be unable to sing, for sobs. Yes, and God, who is responsible, should be most miserable of all.

Think of the moral influence of such a doctrine. If man is a wreck, if, as the creeds say, he is depraved, and "wholly defiled, in all the faculties and parts of soul and body," where is there any incentive for him to do right? What is the use of his trying to be good? A man whose whole nature is bad has nothing in him to build good upon. He has no motive to undertake anything but evil. One cannot conceive of a doctrine more pernicious in its moral influence. Brand a man as a devil, and you have done about the most powerful thing known in this world to make him a devil. If you want to lift men up you must tell them there are possibilities of good in them. With the doctrine of total depravity taught in the world for centuries and centuries, one wonders that vice and evil have not far more prevailed than they have. One wonders that there is so much virtue and manhood left in the world as there is. Fortunately down in their deepest natures men have all the while known that this awful doctrine was not true, even while they were professing to believe it. It has been because men have known it was not true that during all the centuries they have been able to go on, believing one another, trusting one another, relying upon one another, doing business with one another, taking part with one another in common enterprises. Among beings having in them, as the creeds say, "nothing sound, nothing uncorrupt," there could be no friendship, no homes, no society, no relations other than those of mutual distrust, fear, hate, antagonism and destruction. Trust in men, confidence in the essential soundness of human nature, is the basis of all finance, all commerce, all business, all civilization. It is especially strange that any man who professes the creed of total depravity should be a believer in popular government. Popular government means trust of the people, means a belief that the instincts and intents of the people are on the whole sound and just. But if the doctrine of depravity is true, then the instincts of the people are not sound or just, and there is no greater danger than to trust them. A man who professes this creed, if he would be consistent, ought never to cast another ballot, ought never to believe his fellow men any more, ought to barricade his house and carry arms when he goes about the street. Nay, he ought to fly from society to the desert, and spend his life there. And yet, what would even that avail him? For if in his own heart there is only depravity and evil, how awful it must be to dwell with himself!

Fortunately this horrible doctrine is beginning to lose its hold upon intelligent minds. All the forces of modern enlightenment are working to destroy it. It cannot wholly pass away, however, so long as the doctrine of the fall of the race in Adam remains, of which it forms an indissoluble part.

But happily that, too, is doomed. Our age is finding out that there is no reason whatever for believing that there ever was such an event as the supposed fall of the race in Adam, but the weightiest of reasons for believing the opposite. The knowledge upon which these conclusions are based is coming to us from two sources. One is Bible scholarship, which is showing us that the story of Adam and Eve and Eden and the serpent-tempter and the rest is not history, but, as I have already said, is legend or myth.

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)



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Social and Personal.

THE big social happening of the ante-Noel season, the celebration of which event was for some time held in the balance, owing to the destruction of the Pavilion by fire last spring, came off with glorious eclat at the Temple Building on Monday evening. Though there were some who had doubts as to the possibility of arranging sufficient dancing space for the always huge gathering, no crowding more than usual was experienced. The ball-room proper, where the chaperons and most of the older folk rendezvoused, was supplemented by a charming salle de danse downstairs, where young and light-footed devotees of the waltz and two-step found D'Alessandro's orchestra and what a connoisseur assures me was an excellent floor awaiting them. That the guests of St. Andrew's Society have not for many a year enjoyed as much comfort in supping, tiring and sitting-out quarters, was a fact pleasantly obvious and much appreciated.

To arrive at details, the ball-room was most smartly decorated with fans of bunting draping the tall window and papillons of tartan fastened on the walls between. The lights, pendant individual globes of soft but strongly luminous power, were hanging from the beautiful ceiling, and all about, the far-famed electric illuminating power of the Temple was in evidence. Even the footlights were lit upon the dais, as indeed was a good thing, that the people on the floor might fully admire the stunning women and the gorgeous costumes that flitted into the glow, tarried for a little and made way for others rivaling them in beauty and chic. Mrs. Kennedy, wife of the president, and Mrs. Nairn, wife of the "vice," received for the St. Andrew's Society. There were past-presidents and their wives (facile princeps, the genial, courtly Mr. G. R. Cockburn and his gracious wife, whom everyone welcomed with great pleasure, after her temporary indisposition), future presidents and those who will be their wives, if the little bird sings a true tale, beautiful women with the patriotic bit of tartan, dear and significant, drooping from a lovely shoulder, or "happened" about a slender waist; many a "braw laddie," still a laddie in lightness of foot and warmth of heart, though winter bleached his pow and wrinkles of Time's foot were on his smiling face. There was a trio of splendid women from Aberdeen, and a fine man, new out from the same good parts. There was the prince of good partners, Mr. Alexander of Stirling, a Scot whom all who met were delighted to welcome to Canada.

There was a perfectly sumptuous contingent from Hamilton, the women in rich and lovely gowns and the men in kilts. Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, a sextette hard to equal the land over. There were good old Toronto Scotsmen and their loyal ladies, some carefully chaperoning a wee thing taking her first flutter in the gay world under her patron saint, others taking their own biennial frolic as they have done for the past forty years. At no ball is there the same flavor, the same heartiness and the same meeting of every patriotic soul that cares to shake a foot to the pipes! After the pipers had lined up in the entrance hall and lordly strutting and loudly piping had marched into the ball-room with the white-haired president, et ux, et al. the ball began in earnest. The set of honor was formed just in front of the dais, and was composed of the president and Miss McWat, the mistress of Government House looking very well in a simple rich gown of white satin and lace; Mrs. Kennedy, in a rich brocade gown, danced with the vice-president; Lady Mulock, who wore a grand toilette of black sequined and jeweled lace, danced with Colonel Buchanan; Miss Agnes Nairn danced with Colonel Campbell Macdonald; Dr. Pyne, M.P.P., danced with Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, who wore black velvet with jeweled lace and embroidery; Senator Melvin-Jones danced with Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Colonel Stimson with Mrs. Melvin-Jones, and Colonel Davidson with Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion.

But "quadrilles d'honneur" are not in it except as a starter at St. Andrew's Ball. The real things, mind you, are the Scotch dancers, beloved by the true "native" and also by the orchestra, who give themselves a welcome rest while the pipes take a turn. The three pipers ranged themselves near the dais, the scrimmage gave place to the open formation, one saw the tripping lovely girls and women, and had a chance to award the cake to stalwart Major Hendrie, whose grace and steps are "fair wonderful." Among those who danced were Mrs. Will Hendrie, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Bradney, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Nairn, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Cowan, and the Misses Melvin-Jones, Michie, Homer Dixon, Davidson, Ellwood, McLeod, Lennox, Thomson, Taylor, with Major Hendrie, Captain Grant, Major Robertson, Major Michie, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Alan Cassells, and Captain Donald. The music was excellent, and the orchestra was stationed in the gallery facing the dais. The guests found a perfectly appointed supper-room on the tenth floor of the Temple (for which they are indebted to the amiability of St. John's Lodge and its kind Master, Mr. J. H. McKinnon, who granted its use). It was decorated in vivid scarlet and white fans of bunting about the walls, and was arranged with one central table and many double quartette tables set down and across the handsome room. The decoration of the central round table, at which the officers and distinguished guests were first served, was brightly done in rose pink, flowers, shades and ribbons looking remarkably smart and pretty, just enough to give the desired effect and not overdo it, a fault not always avoided. Plenty of mums, carnations and other blooms all in pink decorated the other tables, which were served in a manner to recall ball banquets of the olden time, when the buffet supper was scarcely known here. It was a pretty sight when the beautiful women and girls and their brilliantly uniformed and kilted escorts were all seated at supper. Here a jolly family group, sisters hard to beat for style and charm; and of the young set with the fantastic paper caps from the cracker bonbons perched on their heads, laughing merrily at nothing, as one does in the heyday of fun; the fleet and careful waiters busy with their successive loads of good things, and nowhere a dour and glum face to be discovered. Rare old jokes and compliments that have done duty at many a St. Andrew's Ball were again put in commission, and many a little debutante laughed till the tears came at the studied flatteries of some deliberate old "jollier" of Scottish persuasion. The keynote of the ball was eat, drink, dance and be merry, and right well did they echo its happy tone.

Some of the prominent persons present were from Stanley Barracks, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Buchanan, Captain Kay, Mr. Bowen. Major and Mrs. Carpenter and Captain and Mrs. Burnham were also among the guests. Colonel Otter came in a bit late for the dance and His Worship a bit later, but enjoying it greatly. Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich had their bright young people, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn were also present, Mrs. Cockburn much welcomed and thanked for her effort to be present, in spite of some remains of her indisposition. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and wore a very elegant dark toilette with jewelled embroidery, smart and modish. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson and Miss Davidson, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Melvin-Jones, with their lovely guest, Mrs. Guthrie; Mrs. William Davidson, who brought her little debutante, dainty in her white frock; Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, who brought out their eldest daughter, a radiant looking girl with beautiful color, in a fluffy white tissue gown and lily of the valley in her hair; Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, who brought dainty Miss Mona, one of the week's debutantes; Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Major Cockburn, V.C., Major Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. John Carruthers and the Misses Carruthers, Professor Keyes, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth in pearl grey striped satin, with rare lace; Dr. Lang, one of the smartest figures in uniform; Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. J. I. Davidson's sister, who has, I am told, come to settle in Toronto; Colonel and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, the lady in a smart pink brocade gown; Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson, the lady in dull blue brocade lightly touched with gold spangles, and worn with a splendid bertha of Brussels lace; Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Mulock looking very beautiful in black lace, paillette in silver and jewels; Mrs. George Morang in black spangled lace, with a bertha of rose and black; Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, the lady of the manse in a quiet black gown touched with applications of pretty white lace, a lovely daughter of Bonnie Scotland; Mr. and the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. H. C. McLeod, in a lovely toilette, with her two fair charges, the debutante, Miss Frances, in a pretty and elegant white frock; Captain and Mrs. Wyatt, the bride of last summer in a charming blue satin and chiffon gown, her lovely bright eyes and fine color doing proud her nationality, and her grace and amiability winning her compliments on all sides. Another bride who graced St. Andrew's Ball was petite Mrs. Ewart Osborne, who can now matronize a bright debutante sister Miss Muriel Barwick, who also looked very nice; Major Michie and Mr. Charles Michie and their charming sisters, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Michie and Miss Annie Michie, made one of the most attractive of the family parties who delight in Scottish descent.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and their two stunning sisters were admired far and near. Mrs. Smith wore cream brocade, with overdress of white and black lace, and diamond ornaments. Miss Thomson was all in white, exquisitely coiffed, a regal daughter of Scotland, and the charming guest from Argentina, by many pronounced the most perfectly gowned woman in the room, wore a pale blue semi-transparent gauze gown over salmon tinted silk, flounces of the two shades in chiffon billowing about the edge of the skirts. Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion wore a dainty tulle gown of satin. Mrs. T. B. Taylor brought her graceful debutante, Miss Etta Taylor, and Mrs. Lennox her bright little daughter, Miss Eola. Two remarkably smart girls in black were Miss Ruth Fuller and Miss Nonie Crozier—each had not one moment's respite from attention. A very distinguished and artistic looking young matron was Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, in a buttercup crepe gown, with dim softly-shaded roses thereon and a quaint flat bertha of white embroidered gauze. Her jewels were sapphires strung with pearls as a long necklace falling to the belt. Mrs. G. T. Denison had the prettiest little English conceit in the way of a coiffure wreath of tiny flat, green leaves, the only such wreath I have yet seen that didn't suggest vegetables—Colonel and Mrs. Denison celebrated their crystal wedding on December 1st and received congratulations when the fact leaked out at the ball. Colonel Clarence and Mrs. Denison brought Miss May Denison, their only daughter, in a smart black frock, touched with white and silver. Mr. and Mrs. Catto brought their clever little daughter, Miss Ellie, who is a famous dancer of the Scotch dances. Mr. Taylor of Florsheim and Miss Florence Taylor, with Mr. Taylor, Jr., and Captain and Mrs. Charles Catto were also among the bright family parties. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, who is not the only guest at the ball who lamented her husband's compulsory absence, as he is in England, was beautifully gowned, and wore some handsome jewels. Miss Melvin-Jones of Llawhaden looked most fascinating in a wonderful gown of tissue and silver and palest hints of blue, with a light sparkling Empire knot of scintillating spangles in her hair. The effect of this dress was lovely. Mrs. Guthrie wore an exquisite white gown, with flowing sleeves of white, and looked very pretty in it. Mr. and Mrs. James Scott brought out Miss Guthrie, Mrs. Scott's sister, of Guelph. I looked in vain for "handsome Hugh," as they call the clever young M.P. in Ottawa. Mr. Tom Delamere brought Miss Keefer in her classic Empire gown and coiffure, a distinguished and admirable ensemble. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Massey, the lady in a quiet and beautiful light brocade, and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Massey, Mrs. Massey in one of her wonderful little costumes, sumptuous lace and trimmings of beautiful garlands of pale green and white, looking fairylike and chic; Mrs. (Continued on Page Five.)



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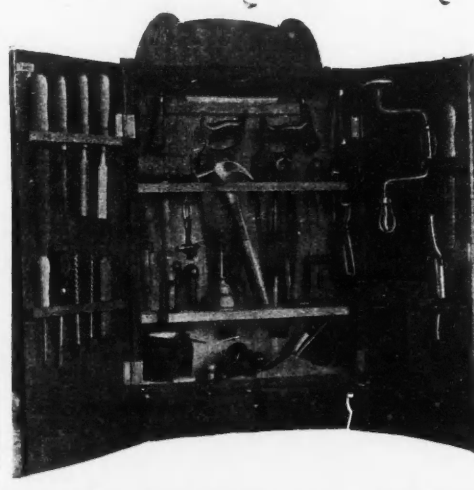
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Social and Personal.

MRS. MULOCK will not receive again at her residence, 493 Sherbourne street, until the New Year.

Mrs. Laurence Boyd (nee Jarvis) will hold her post-nuptial receptions on next Monday and Tuesday, at her residence, 49 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale, and will during the season receive on Mondays. (Hawthorne avenue runs north from the east end of Dale avenue.)

A debutante who had a very pleasant time at St. Andrew's ball and the Rugby dance on Tuesday was Miss Elsie Riddell, who looked very bonnie in a smart white gown, with tiny pink flowers "en berthe."

Persons of an enquiring mind are asking a good many questions as to the likelihood of an engagement between a young Varsity man, not yet of age, and a blooming debutante, who are very devoted comrades. As both are of marked decision of character and strength of will, one hesitates to pronounce the finale as liable to evaporation. On either side, I believe, they have happy examples of the results of early choice and many happy years to follow.

Mrs. J. Northway of Toronto, Mrs. M. W. Stickney, Mrs. C. M. Mabie of Buffalo, Mrs. John E. Riddell of Hamilton, Miss L. V. Jones of London, Miss Levy, Miss Anderson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baillie, Mr. J. W. Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ellis of Toronto are among the recently registered guests at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. George Vogt, Elmira, on Thursday morning of last week, when Miss Wilhelmina Vogt, the youngest daughter of the family, was married to Mr. Carl K. Jansen in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, and the wedding music was presided over by Mr. A. S. Vogt of Toronto, brother of the bride. The old homestead was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bridal couple left on the midday train for western points.

Mrs. H. R. O'Hara, 53 Bernard avenue, will not receive again until January.

Mrs. James Nicholson (nee Passmore) will hold her post-nuptial on Thursday, December 11, at 348 Gladstone avenue, north of College street.

Mrs. Frank Webb of Colborne and her little daughter are the guests of Mrs. Webb's father, Mr. Warring Kennedy, in Madison avenue.

The Chatham Literary Club held their annual dance with great éclat at McConkey's on Friday night, November 21. The whole suite of rooms on the first floor was arranged for sitting out during the evening, and the lady patronesses rendezvoused in the Turkish room to lead the way to supper, which was served in the large cafe on the same floor, a long table being reserved across the north end of the room for them and their escorts. Excellent music kept the dancers busy in the ballroom, and the scene was very bright and charming from the vantage-point of the musicians' gallery. The young men of the Chatham Club can amuse themselves and their friends when they relax from more intellectual pursuits, and that their affairs are popular and appreciated was evidenced by the large and happy assemblage at the annual dance last week. There was not a wallflower, not even a bored-looking elder, in the whole party, for all went as merry as a marriage-bell. The floor was perfect.

The marriage of Mr. Francis C. Trench O'Hara and Miss Helen Rosa Corby took place in Belleville at half-past ten o'clock on Wednesday, November 26, in St. Thomas' Church, Rev. G. R. Beamish officiating. Mr. Jack Hood was best man, and Miss Alice Corby, sister of the bride, and Miss Kathleen O'Hara, only sister of the groom, were bridesmaids. Miss A. Barker of New York was maid of honor. The groom is a nephew and private secretary of Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, and some time since was best man here for his cousin, Mr. Alec Cartwright, on his marriage to Miss Ada E. S. Hart. Miss Corby is the daughter of a very popular ex-M.P., Mr. "Harry" Corby, who is very well known in Toronto. A sister of Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. C. Shedden Laidlaw, a bride of a few years back, resides here also, and went down for her sister's wedding. Mr. O'Hara, though still quite a young man, has had a life of varied experiences, having been a journalist on a great Southern paper before he took the secretarial and semi-diplomatic position with his uncle, and adds to Irish quickness of wit and a charming temperament a polish of manner which has been very useful in his dealings with various phases of Canadian and foreign political life. The bride has always been noted for "chic," and when with her father and sister she spent the session in Ottawa at the Russell, the Misses Corby were distinctly the most stylish women in that historic caravansary. The wedding gown of white silk and lace was imported, and was sumptuous in material and exquisite in design. Miss O'Hara, the groom's only sister, is a very handsome girl, who had much attention at the State ball at Rideau a couple of years ago, where she made her debut. The bridal party was noticeable for good looks, as everyone agreed. Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara will, "bien entendu," reside at the Capital, and good wishes attend them from many warm friends all over Canada and the States on their entry upon their new life. The gifts which were showered upon them are some evidence of their popularity. A reception was held after the wedding at Bellwood, home of Mr. Corby.

Mrs. Alton H. Garratt will not receive again until the New Year.

Mrs. R. E. A. Land's twin teas on Thursday and Friday gave evidence that some hostesses are willing to take double trouble to ensure the comfort of their friends, who, having now gotten over the idiotic idea that any special grace attaches to either day, come on the day they are bidden, and, instead of being crushed and crowded, enjoy enough breathing-room and consequent composure. Mrs. Land received in the drawing-room, and was assisted in the tea-room by Miss Austin, Mrs. O'Hara's handsome guest, Miss Margaret Thomson and Miss Walk-

er, cousin of the hostess. The tea-table was centered with a huge silver bowl of "Golden Wedding" mums and set on a mirror, which was edged with maiden-hair ferns. The candles were shaded in yellow, and the whole effect was very beautiful and bright. Mrs. Land had expected her mother to be with her for these pleasant functions, but she was unable to come. On Friday another pleasant coterie of ladies attended the second tea, and both were voted great successes.

Mrs. Lister and her family have returned to the city and are comfortably settled at 92 Spadina road. Miss Krug of Tavistock is visiting Miss Lister.

A most delightful tea was given by Mrs. Charles O'Reilly on Thursday of last week at her home, 294 Sumach street, to a very large party of ladies. Mrs. O'Reilly received in the drawing-room, which was decorated with flowers, looking very dainty in a modish voile skirt and richly-trimmed white silk blouse. The tea-table was set in the dining-room, where the guests found a most effectively decorated buffet, all white and green, with flowers, ferns, ribbons and softly-shaded candles. A handsome young visitor in town, Miss Grace Ardagh of Barrie, and Miss Beatrice Sprague were in charge of the tea-table, looking very fresh and fair in crisp white muslin frocks. The son of the house, a "real O'Reilly," as a friend remarked, managed to do a good deal of hard work in waiting upon the crowd of ladies, each of whom would have liked to annex him for the hour, and all were glad to see him quite restored to health. A few guests I noticed were Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. George Harman, Miss Strathairn, Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mrs. Bruce Rioridan, Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Mason of Ermeleigh, Mrs. Archie Kerr, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Thornburn, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Baines, Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Laurence Buchanan, Mrs. Holford Walker, and a very jolly party of charming girl friends of the hostess.

A feature of St. Peter's annual bazar, which takes place next Thursday and Friday, is the poster, "The Seven Ages of Women," on which, I understand, the scheme of the stalls is formed. Mrs. J.



E. Elliott, the artistic lady who has designed the poster, has allowed me to reproduce it here. High tea on Thursday and afternoon teas on each day of the sale will appeal to women of all ages.

Miss Grace Roberts lectures for the ladies of the Household Economic Association next Tuesday at 3 p.m. in the theater of the Normal School.

Mrs. J. E. Jones gave a pretty tea at her home in Prince Arthur avenue last week, in which she was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Hooper of St. Catharines, who wore a rich black gown, the dainty hostess being crowned in crimson, touched with white. The Misses Baird, F. Jones, Bethune, Morrison and Edith Ellis assisted in the tea-room, where a lovely tea-table was laden with all sorts of good things.

I have to ask the indulgence of many this and last week for items unavoidably left over, owing to the popularity of "Saturday Night" as an advertising medium. I feel much worse than my kind friends that our columns aren't made of india-rubber.

Several very smart dinners and luncheons have been given recently. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill have entertained at dinner. Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Llawhaden gave a charming luncheon of many covers on Wednesday, in honor of some of the brides. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews gave a smart dinner of twenty-two covers, and Mrs. Bob Myles was to have had a dance dinner before St. Andrew's ball, but illness caused it to be cancelled. Half a dozen cosy dinners have been given for visiting friends, and more are on the tapis. Most hostesses of luncheons, teas and dinners have announced that they will not receive again until next year, and Christmas business will be likely to monopolize the time of most of their callers.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn returned from the South a few days since. Owing to the family mourning, Lady Kirkpatrick was not at the ball, and many regrets were expressed thereat.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore returned home early in the week, looking so well that his friends scarcely realize his recent illness as possible.

Sir William Mulock has returned home. Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick (nee Mulock) has also returned from the health resort at which she was sharing her husband's sojourn.

Very cheering news of the efficacy of the change and rest cure on Sir Wilfrid Laurier, after his arduous summer, is pleasing his friends.

Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar is giving a tea next Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Perry of 234 Bloor street west are giving a tea next Wednesday.

Mrs. Jack Beaty, 61 Crescent road, receives on Tuesdays. Mrs. William R. Begg (nee Angus) holds her post-nuptial

receptions next Thursday and Friday at 179 Carlton street. Mrs. J. Frederick Duncan held her post-nuptial reception on Monday afternoon at her home, 516 Ontario street. She wore a pretty white crepe de chine gown.

Mrs. Z. A. Lash gave a tea yesterday, and Mrs. Miller Lash of 23 Grenville street gives one next Tuesday.

Victoria College At Home and the dance and reception given by Zeta Lodge in the Parkdale Masonic Hall were two of last evening's events.

Miss Muriel Smellie will not return to Canada for Christmas, as was expected. She is paying visits to relatives and friends in England and Scotland, and will not sail for home before the spring.

Mrs. Leslie G. Christie (nee Cameron of London) held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and Friday afternoons of last week, wearing her robe des noces of duchess satin, with bertha of fine old lace, one of Stitt's prettiest creations. Her bouquet was of marguerites. Mrs. A. M. Huestis and Mrs. Charles Crawford poured coffee and tea in the dining-room, where the mahogany tea-table was beautifully decorated with a basket of pink carnations on a lace center over pink. A pink electroir hung over the basket, from which pink ribbons were festooned, and silver candlesticks, ferns and roses, in slender vases added to the effect. Miss Victoria Cameron of London and Miss Mabel Christie, who were the bride's attendants at her marriage, and Misses Hall and Young presided. All the attendants and matrons wore hats. Mrs. Christie receives during the season on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. Thomas Kerr of 667 Dovercourt road holds her post-nuptial reception next Thursday afternoon and evening.

The Nursing-at-Home board of managers gave their house-warming opening yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, when Dr. Goldwin Smith's generous donation was the scene of an interesting reunion.

Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt is giving a tea next Friday at her residence, 71 Grosvenor street.

Artistic Development of Toronto.

MR. PETERSEN'S Art Store, at the corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets, has undergone a wonderful transformation during the past year, as will be instantly evident to those who have not visited this great metropolis of famous pictures since last Christmas season. Mr. Petersen has greatly extended and improved his premises; where formerly there was but the store and a small showroom, there are now three commodious galleries, handsomely finished and effectively lighted. It can be said, without fear of cavil, that the Petersen Art Store is now equal to anything of the sort outside of the very largest cities, in facilities for displaying and vending works of art. It is hard to realize that it is but four years since Mr. Petersen opened this business in quite a small and unpretentious way. Only by the strictest attention to the wants of his customers, by intimate knowledge and understanding of art subjects, and the sincere enthusiasm which springs from loving appreciation, has this business gone forward by steady strides from the modest beginning to its present large proportions. Mr. Petersen is no mere picture salesman. He is a well-posted art connoisseur. His exquisite taste is the fruit of travel and long association with the best examples of past and contemporary art. And for one possessed of so well-defined standards of judgment, Mr. Petersen has a remarkable faculty of keeping his counsel and allowing his customers to exercise their own artistic judgment, without dictation or unsought advice. No one, however, is more competent to advise when called upon. The feeling that draws so many to the Petersen store is the assurance that they can visit and examine this great collection of pictures without being solicited to buy, but with the certainty of profiting by the ripe judgment of the proprietor in case they think of becoming purchasers.

Mr. Petersen's stock has never been so complete as at the present time, and he is in a position to do a larger Christmas trade than heretofore. In addition to the immense number of reproductions of old and modern masterpieces in all sizes, the Petersen gallery is noted for its stock of mouldings and frames. The framing of a picture may and should be made an art in itself; in Toronto, thanks to the educative influence of the Petersen store, it is coming to be generally recognized as such. In addition to gift and wooden mouldings and frames of all sorts, Mr. Petersen has for the Christmas trade a very large stock of Florentine photo frames in gold leaf and gold plate, exceptionally well adapted both as to style and price for the holiday trade. A good picture is a thing that which there can be no more dainty and acceptable Christmas present. In the smallest or the largest house there is always room for one more—especially if that one be something of artistic merit, as it is certain to be if it has been bought at the Petersen store, corner Gerrard and Yonge streets.

The St. Catharines "Well."

In the "Garden City of Canada," eleven miles from Niagara Falls is situated the historical "St. Catharines Well," about which is woven many a romantic Indian legend and whose curative properties are known far and wide throughout Northern America. The water of this famous well is saline, and its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreutznach Spring in Prussia. The waters of this spring are a great specific for such diseases as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, liver troubles, skin diseases and cases of nervous prostration, or as a tonic pure and simple.

"The Welland," the principal building in which these waters are used, is situated near the outskirts of St. Catharines and most comfortable accommodation can be had there at reasonable rates.

For further particulars and all information, apply to Grand Trunk city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

Miss Hendershott will continue her sale of decorated china at her studio, 2 College street.

Rainy Day Clothes

"Cravenette" Cravenette has superseded all other material for rain proof garments and general out of door wearing apparel. The word has become a new synonym for "waterproof," and one naturally asks for a "Cravenette" when a Waterproof Coat, Skirt, Walking or Outing Suit is wanted. "Cravenette" costs the dealer a trifle more than other so-called waterproof material, just enough more to tempt some of them to sell the "just as good" instead of the genuine. In Cravenette the waterproof quality is permanent, while inferior material becomes almost useless after a few wettings. Cravenette is rain-tight but not air-tight. Warm in winter and cool in summer. Try one garment of Cravenette and it will do its own advertising thereafter.

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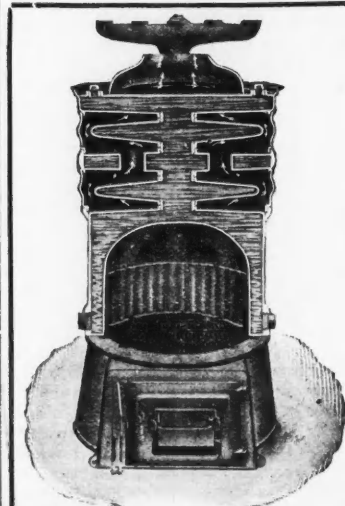


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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Norma turned round, too. "What does she mean?" asked she in amazement. "Miss Brown—"

But Sadie walked on quickly, and Jack put a restraining hand on Norma's arm. "Never mind her for a minute," said he earnestly. "It was all arranged between us that she should go away like that. She's a real good sort, Sadie, and a dear girl. They wanted me to marry her, you know, because she's ever so rich; but we didn't take to each other, at least not in that way. And so we made a compact to help each other in other ways."

Norma began to smile. "You seem very good friends," said she.

"Oh, we are," said Jack. "Look at the way she's helped this morning! I shouldn't have liked to come here by myself; I should have been afraid you'd send down a message that you couldn't see anybody." He went on, his bright face glowing with such sympathy and shyness that the ready tears sprang again to her eyes as she looked at him. "There, don't cry! Oh, don't, don't! I was there yesterday, you know. Sadie and I both were, and she had to hold me down when that beastly cad Wharles said what he did! It was a shame, an infernal, awful shame, and this morning I met him in the street and told him what I thought of him. I did really; you ask Sadie!"

Norma felt divided between an inclination to laugh and an inclination to cry. "You shouldn't do that," said she. "It doesn't do any good, you know."

"It does do good to let him see what gentlemen think of a man who tells lies!" retorted Jack robustly. "But anyhow, that's not what I came here to tell you. You won't mind my speaking to you? You won't think I'm impertinent, or—"

"Indeed I know you couldn't be that," said she. "Well, then, I'll tell you what is the greatest wish of my heart, Sadie knows, and she thinks my idea splendid. I do hope you will too."

"What idea?"

"Well, it's this. It's horrid for you and for Sir Astley, too, to be in this plight through this horrible Wharles woman's sister."

"Oh, don't talk about it, please."

"I won't. I won't more than I can help. Look here, I've thought of a way out of it. I know Sir Astley's a good fellow, and a nice fellow, and I know you're fond of each other. But what's the use of that, if there's another woman in the way? Now what I propose is that you should marry me—"

"Marry you!" echoed Norma aghast. "Yes, yes," said he earnestly. "I know it's sudden, this idea of mine, but it's a good one, isn't it?"

"A good one!" stammered Norma.

"Yes. Then you could snap your fingers at them all, and show them that there was a rush for you, don't you see? And Sir Astley, well, poor fellow, I'm awfully sorry for him. Still, it will be better for him to know you're provided for, won't it? I'm sure he'd rather. And then, if ever this woman dies, he can marry Myfanwy, you know. She's awfully sweet on him, she really is."

"Why, you take my breath away," said Norma, still uncertain whether to smile or to cry; for in contrast with the wildness of the lad's suggestion, there was an earnestness, a breezy, enthusiastic sincerity in his manner which warned her that she must not hurt his feelings by any appearance of treating his offer lightly. "Don't you know, don't you understand?" she said gently, "that I love Astley, that I married him, as he married me, believing him to be free; and that I can't look upon myself as anything but his wife now?"

"Well, then, why don't you go back and live at The Haigh?" said Jack with youthful straightforwardness. "Why but because you feel you can't as long as this woman's alive? Oh, I know the feeling!" he added with confidential sympathy. "You feel that you're his wife in the sight of heaven. But what's the use of being his wife in the sight of heaven, as long as you can't be in the sight of earth?"

At that blunt putting of the case Norma felt her inclination to laugh get the better of her wish to cry, and she smiled.

"Look here," she said gently, "it's no use to argue the matter with me. I'm a woman, you know, and must have my own way. I thank you more than I can say for your kindness, and it makes me feel happier to know that there are such nice people in the world as you and that dear girl over there. But I couldn't think of—of such a thing, I couldn't really. It's absurd, you know. For Astley is my husband—oh yes, he is. And nothing could alter that feeling of mine, even if it's a feeling only, and not a fact."

"Well, I think it's a great pity you won't listen to reason, and Sadie will think so, too," said he soberly, and with a most thoughtful expression of face. "But remember this; if you change your mind you've only got to hold up your finger, and I'll fly to you like a bird. I should love to! You'll remember that, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'll remember that," said Norma, her face wreathing in smiles in spite of herself. "And now let's go and run after Miss Brown. I'm sure she'll be miserable at being so long away from you."

As Jack accompanied her, with a very grave face, he said suddenly: "It isn't because I'm so young, is it? That wouldn't be fair, you know, because you're nearly as young yourself!"

Norma assured him that that had nothing whatever to do with it, and then they came up with Sadie, at whom Jack shook his head woefully.

"She wouldn't hear of it, of course!" cried the American at once. "I told you so, Jack, didn't I?"

"It's nothing to boast about," said he sulkily. "And ladies generally say 'no' the first time. I shan't lose heart."

Sadie began to laugh, but Norma broke in quite gravely:

"It's beautiful to have such friends as

you both. It makes me feel much happier."

And then they both hastened to glue themselves to her, one on one side and one on the other, and to say cheering and comforting things to her out of the kindness of their hearts, both talking at once for the most part, in a very cheerful and cheerful manner.

They came to see her again and again in the course of the next few days, during which Norma lived quietly at the cottage and kept carefully out of Astley's way.

Whether he knew of her whereabouts or not she was not sure, until one day she saw him walking slowly down the lane and glancing up wistfully at her window.

Her heart leapt up. She wanted to go out to him, but she struggled with herself, feeling that it was best for both that they should for the present remain altogether apart.

And then the very thing happened, in her sight, before her eyes, that she had been constantly dreading: Dr. Wharles drove up, on one of his frequent visits to Raggett's cottage, and he and Astley came face to face.

Norma saw from her window that the two men exchanged a few fierce words; a taunt from the doctor, no doubt intended as a provocation, began it; it was followed by a sharp retort from Astley. Fearing that the latter would not be able to keep his temper, Norma rushed out into the lane, and was by Astley's side, holding his arm, before the exchange of another word between the men.

He was so much astonished, moved, overwhelmed by the unexpected appearance of the woman he loved, that at once he allowed himself to be drawn a step or two back. And the doctor, thinking discretion desirable, went on into the cottage.

Norma felt her hold on Astley's arm, and led him away down the lane.

"Where did you spring from?" asked Astley, who was flushed and delighted at this meeting.

"Oh, the cottage where I'm staying."

"I know. I've kept religiously away until this morning, when I thought I deserved a peep at you, and came along here on the chance."

"Well, now I want you to take my advice, and I should like a promise that you will to begin with."

"Well?"

"I want you to leave the Haigh for a little while. It's bad to risk these meetings with that man."

"I believe you're right. But I don't want to go away and leave you here."

"I'm not going to stay here long. I've got something to find out before I go."

"You won't tell me what it is?"

"I'd rather not. I may be quite wrong, you see, and then I should only raise false hopes."

"What is that fellow doing at Raggett's cottage?"

"How should I know? Somebody ill there, I suppose."

"Raggett's boy was the witness who wouldn't speak," went on Astley thoughtfully.

"Never mind about that. Will you promise to go away, and keep clear of awkward meetings with the doctor?"

"I'll do whatever you wish. But he wouldn't be able to taunt me again as he did in the court that day. I wrote to Leamington, not to her, but to Mrs. Finch, to ask how things stood with them. It seems she has run into debt. So I've sent her five hundred pounds to clear that off, and I'm going to allow her five hundred a year. I couldn't be expected to do more than that, could I?"

"Certainly not," said Norma thoughtfully. "Is she still ill?"

"They say so."

"They were standing under the wall and the overhanging and still leafless branches."

"Good-bye," said Norma softly.

Astley hesitated. Looking behind him, he saw that they were out of sight of the cottages.

"You'll kiss me, won't you?" said he. She flung herself into his arms.

"Good-bye, good-bye. God bless you and keep you safe!" whispered she brokenly.

A minute later he was hurrying back through the plantation; and she, with her eyes still dim, was returning to the cottage.

On the following day Norma knew that Astley had left The Haigh, and the next thing she learned was that the inquest on Tom Rogerson's body had been again adjourned.

CHAPTER XX.

When she knew that Astley had left the neighborhood, Norma found herself more free in her movements. She generally took a walk in the morning, and another in the afternoon, frequently passing through the plantation and the grounds of The Haigh on her way.

Astley had left a key to all the private gates with her; and although she had told him, with a shudder, that she could never go through the plantation where she had made the ghastly discovery of Rogerson's dead body, she subsequently got the better of her feeling on this matter, and chose this walk more often than any other.

Full as her thoughts were from morning till night of the wish to clear all suspicion away from Astley, and determined as she was to hesitate at nothing which could help to bring about this result, Norma had conceived the notion that the place where the tragedy happened might still have unrevealed secrets, and she therefore took to haunting the little wood with an observant eye.

On many of these occasions she would see Dr. Wharles, sometimes in his gig, more often on foot, on his way to and from the Raggett's cottage. But there were still more significant sights to be seen in and about the town.

The sight of Mrs. Wharles, driving through the little town one afternoon in the doctor's brougham, made Norma thoughtful. The doctor's wife was always showily dressed, but on this occa-

sion Norma caught the glint of jewels from the interior of the carriage, and it occurred to her to think it surprising that a woman in Mrs. Wharles's position, having no fortune of her own apart from her husband's modest earnings, should be able to wear diamonds.

Norma was not fond of gossip, but Mrs. Giles, her landlady, loved nothing so much. And when, two days later than the above occurrence, Norma met Mrs. Wharles coming out of the Vicarage wearing a cape of real sable, and a multi-chain of gold and pearls, she decided to relax her dignity a little, and to hear what Mrs. Giles had to say of the neighbors' chatter on this important matter.

So that afternoon, when she went in to tea, her landlady did not meet with the usual rather distant thanks which warned her to leave the room as soon as had been brought in the tea-things.

Lady Darwin—for so she was always called—was ready for a chat.

"Most pleasant weather this is, for February," she said; and Mrs. Giles smiled at once, with a beaming smile and a complacent crossing of her plump hands in front of her. "There were such a lot of people about to-day. All the ladies of Blackdale seemed to be taking tea with each other, and all in their smartest clothes, looking quite lovely."

"Indeed, my lady, and some of them are smart now, and no doubt about it," responded Mrs. Giles, taking the bait immediately. "Did you happen to see Dr. Wharles's lady now, in her fine feathers? It's the talk of the place how grand she's grown of late, with her furs and her jewelry! More like a lady in your station, my lady, or in Lady Myfanwy's, than a country doctor's wife!"

"Oh, but Mrs. Wharles always did dress well, didn't she?" asked Norma.

Mrs. Giles put her head on one side condescendingly.

"She always did try to be very fine, my lady, if that's what you mean. But not like what she is now. Not but what I'm talking most from hearsay, but, still, I had it from a friend as works for the first dressmaker in the town, and she says, she says: 'There's a difference,' says she, 'in the way she used to dress and the way she dresses now. For while mink—like it seems is a kind of fur, my lady, as you know—doubt her nor me—mink,' says she, 'used for to be good enough for Mrs. Wharles, now it's sable,' says she. And it seems she wears diamonds, too, which nobody ever saw on her before, nor wouldn't now, I expect, if her husband or her hadn't somehow come by money. Which it seems they've paid some bills lately that had been owing ever so long."

Norma felt some consternation at the torrent of gossip which her indulgence had let loose, and which, once started, was difficult to stop.

"Ah, well," she said, "Dr. Wharles is a rising man. They say he's by the dearest medical man in the neighborhood."

"Clever! I'll be bound he is!" said Mrs. Giles, portentously. "But I don't altogether hold with the doctor and his cleverness. I know they say there ain't nobody like him for operations, and such like; but he hangs a deal too much round the houses where the flirty sort of ladies live, and thinks as much of a bright eye as he does of a broken leg. However, it's none of my business, if Raggett don't mind, that the doctor comes to you cottage oftener than there's any sickness there. And, of course, they do say as there may be another reason."

"Oh, people shouldn't be so ill-natured," said Norma.

"My lady, isn't it human nature for to want to know the meaning of strange things? And there's no denying it's a strange thing that since the murder in the wood yonder the Wharleses seem to be swimming in money as they never were afore? Of course, I don't say the doctor would help himself from a dead man's pockets—"

"Oh," cried Norma, starting up aghast.

"Well, well, my lady, 'tisn't what I say, you know, I only repeat what other folks say. And perhaps it's as well you should know how folks will put two and two together. They say, some of 'em, my lady, as, if this man Rogerson boasted he would be richer after seeing Sir Astley than he was before, maybe the doctor wasn't above taking what he found in the man's pockets when he was examining the poor dead body, and putting it into his own."

Norma trembled with indignant excitement.

"But Sir Astley never saw the man, never spoke to him," she said, sharply. "Nothing is more certain than that. He wanted to see him, but he never did, until the poor fellow was dead."

Mrs. Giles listened to this in discreet silence. Respectful as her manner was, it was evident that Sir Astley had went less far with her than the conjectures of her over-acute neighbors.

This difference of opinion having caused some slight embarrassment between Norma and her landlady, the former was glad to bring the interview to an end. But when she sat by herself over her lonely tea, she began in her turn to put two and two together, and to wonder whether there was any connection between Astley's munificence to Lottie at Leamington, and the sudden prosperity in the household of Dr. and Mrs. Wharles at Blackdale.

She was wondering whether it were worth while to communicate with Mr. Capper on this subject, and on the morning after her talk with Mrs. Giles she had begun a letter to him, when she was startled by the entrance of her landlady with a piece of news—the doctor had taken Ned Raggett into his employment.

"And what can he want of such a gawk as him, and that awkward he could never carry a case of medicines without breaking some, and that stupid he could never answer a question rightly at a doctor, why," the doctor himself only knows," added Mrs. Giles.

Norma affected to treat the matter as unimportant, but she was really by no means of that opinion. Putting two and two together again, it seemed strange that the doctor's assiduity in visiting the Raggett's cottage should have resulted in his engagement in his service of such an unimportant youth as Ned.

Norma had not known the lad previous to her meeting with him after the murder; but it was the common opinion of the neighbors, as she knew, that the occurrence of that evening had added what little brains he had, and it was observed that he had become more tactful and more than ever.

It was some days later when Norma, returning from her afternoon walk by way of the wide path that led through

the plantation from the house to the gate in the lane, was startled to find herself suddenly confronted with the lad, Ned Raggett, who started up at her approach from a fallen tree, on the trunk of which he had been sitting.

Each uttered an exclamation at sight of the other. Norma's first impulse was to ask him some questions, now that she met him alone, about the murder; but a second glance at him showed her that the lad looked too ill to be worried.

"Why," cried she, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you ought to be in bed, and under the doctor's care."

Ned shivered.

"I don't want to have nowt to do wi' 'doctor," he said, shortly. "I've had enough of him and of 'missis, and I've left their place and I won't go back; I say I won't, I won't, I won't!"

"But why not?" asked Norma, doing her best to suppress all the excitement she felt at this information. "Veren't they kind to you?"

The lad looked at her suspiciously out of the corners of his eyes.

"Oh, ay, kind enough; I don't say as how they weren't kind. But—they do quarrel ter'ble, they do! Nag, nag, nag; I could hear 'em oop in my room o' nights, and I couldn't sleep for it! No, no, I loike my work i' t' fields best, and so I off wi' my fine clothes all over buttons, and I run away."

"Well, you would have done better to let him prescribe for you before you came away," said Norma. "You look quite ill."

Ned shook his head.

"I'll go on to my grandmother's," said he. "She'll give me summat to make me right. I'd sooner take her stuff than any of t' doctor's," he added, with a shuddery look round.

Suppressing as well as she could the intensity of the interest she felt in these words, Norma asked: "And what made you come here, of all places, instead of going to your grandmother's?"

The boy shot at her a sidelong, suspicious glance.

"Oh, t'wood's a fine place," said he, cautiously. "It's quiet, quieter nor it is at home. Father and mother, they quarrels too."

"I should have thought," said Norma, "that after what you saw here that night—"

The boy turned upon her savagely.

"I tell you I see nowt, nowt," he said, angrily. "And whatever they says to me, and whatever they does to me, tain't no good; I see nowt."

"Who's been asking you about it, then?" asked Norma, gently.

But Ned looked at her sullenly, and moved away with a slouching step in the direction of the lane. As he went he cast uneasy glances round him, and shivered and shook, and staggered in his walk.

"Never mind who asked me," he answered roughly. "Then with a cry, he stopped and stared in front of him."

They were by this time close to the edge of the plantation, and Norma had her key ready to unlock the gate. Ever as she walked on towards it, she saw peering over the wall, the face of Dr. Wharles.

Although it was not very late in the afternoon it was already somewhat misty under the trees, and neither she nor Ned could see more of the doctor than the fact that it was he who was looking over at them. After a moment's stupefied pause Ned ran forward a step and said hurriedly to the doctor:

"Hoo's been asking me questions, but I've not told her nowt. Hoo's been asking about the murder; but I can't tell her nowt, and I've said so."

"Well, well," said Dr. Wharles, in his resonant tones, "there's nothing to shake and shiver about. What's wrong with you, my boy? And why aren't you back in my house by this time?"

"I don't want to go back," said the boy in a low, frightened voice. "I'm not smart enough for your work, doctor; I'd rather go back, sir; I'd rather go back home."

"El! What? Aren't you comfortable in my house? Aren't they kind to you, my boy?" asked the doctor, in a voice full of concern. By this time Norma had unlocked the gate and let Ned through it, locking it after her, and responding by a very cold bow to the doctor's salutation. As soon as the lad was outside in the lane Dr. Wharles, with professional eye, saw that all was not right with him. "Homesick, eh?" said he, "or got something the matter with your liver?"

And he kept his hand on the lad's shoulder, and looked at his tongue. But even as he turned to the lady to remark that there was not much wrong that a day or two in bed would not put right, Ned took advantage of the opportunity, and wrenching himself away from the doctor, was over the wall again and running along in the wood like a hare.

The doctor did not attempt to give chase.

"A singular lad that, Lady Darwin," said he, "sullen and taciturn, but good-hearted at bottom, I believe."

"I have no doubt of it," said Norma, as, with another very cold inclination of the head she turned away in the direction of Mrs. Giles's cottage.

But Dr. Wharles went after her.

"One moment, Lady Darwin," said he, intercepting her at the very door. "I do hope you'll allow me to express

Coffee Did It.

Put a Man Out of the Race.

Coffee serves some people in a most atrocious manner.

"I was a veritable coffee fiend, until finally my stomach rebelled at the treatment and failed to work," writes a gentleman from New York.

"I had Dyspepsia in its worst form; blind, staggering headaches with vertigo about a half hour after each time I ate, and I finally grew so weak and became so thin that my mother advised me to stop coffee and eat Postum Food Coffee."

"I did not like it at first, but after experimenting in making it, mother soon got it just right, and I then liked it better than coffee."

"I soon noticed my biliousness stopped, and I lost the trembling effect on my nerves; Postum did not stimulate me, but seemed to exhilarate. I gradually regained my wanted good health; my old appetite returned, and to-day I am well—dyspepsia, headache and vertigo all gone, and Postum did it."

"When I began its use I had been troubled for two years with all kinds of stomach trouble. I became a veritable walking apothecary shop, but I have not taken a dose of medicine since I commenced using Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Ceylon Tea once to find that it's the finest quality being sold to-day.

the very great regret I feel that any action or word of mine should have caused you pain." She moved restlessly, but he would not let her go. "You remember the sympathy I felt for you from the very first moment I met you at The Haigh. I'm sure you'll make allowances for the difficult position in which I am placed."

"I not only make every allowance, Dr. Wharles, but I beg that you will not give yourself the trouble of expressing sympathy for me again."

There was nothing for it but for him to draw back and allow her to go in. But into his eyes as she passed, there came the very same look of cold hatred which had appeared in them when Astley had struck him with his whip.

Norma went indoors trembling very much. It was the first time she had spoken to the doctor since the inquest, and she would have avoided the meeting if she could. But once face to face with the man, listening to words which she knew to be hypocritical, to sympathy which she was certain was feigned, her repugnance had got the better of her prudence, and she felt, with a certain quail of uneasiness, that she had made an enemy of him for life.

The next moment she started up from the chair on which she had sunk. She would follow Ned Raggett into the wood; she had noted the direction taken by him, skirting the wall in the direction of the high road—and try to extract from him some information concerning the murder she felt sure he had witnessed. She did not feel very hopeful about making him speak, but there was nothing to be lost, while something might be gained, by the attempt.

So, first looking out to be sure that Dr. Wharles was safely inside the Raggett's cottage, she ran across the road again, let herself through the gate, and turned to the left under the wall.

As she went along she heard footsteps in the lane outside, going in the direction of the cottages; not the heavy footsteps of one of the laborers or their wives, but the light footfall of a woman of a different class.

Norma wondered whether it might be Lady Myfanwy or Miss Brown come to see her, as they sometimes did in the evening; but before she could call out or climb up to look over the high wall, she heard the sound of Dr. Wharles's laugh as he came out of the cottage, and instantly checked herself in the act of moving forward.

The next moment she was startled to hear a sharp exclamation in the doctor's voice while he was yet some distance away; and then the voice of Mrs. Wharles, on the other side of the wall from where Norma stood, uttered an angry cry.

"So I've caught you at last, have I?" cried the jealous wife, her voice, which she did not raise very high, trembling with passion. "I knew very well that there was something more than illness that brought you always up this lane, day after day, and evening after evening; I knew very well it was some woman. It's that bold-eyed, horrible Nance Raggett! I saw you with her. I saw you!"

"If you would condescend to be reasonable," replied the doctor, also in a low voice, but with clenched teeth and sullen, angry tones, "you would know why I visit the Raggett's house so often."

"Oh, yes, of course, you'll say it's to

No! No! No! No!

This word is used four times by Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, in reporting the result of his analyses of Sunlight Soap.

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Curious Bits of News.

In a certain district in Kentucky it is proposed to revive the good old custom of conveying the mails in a stage coach with outriders and postillions. The proposal comes from General John B. Castleman, a noted Kentucky horse-lover and whip, who has a plan to carry the mails in this style between his home, Pleasant Hill, and Burgin, a distance of six miles.

The Pope, wealthiest of modern rulers, spiritual or secular, has been happy in sharing the fortunes of other men. It has been reckoned that during his pontificate a sum of over five million dollars has been bequeathed to him in various ways, \$600,000 having come to him in one year, and one recent bequest being for no less than two hundred thousand dollars.

There is a horse in Vancouver that does not confine itself to the traditional hay and oats, with an occasional carrot thrown in. "Dave," as the animal is called, has developed an appetite for ham and beef sandwiches; and it is a familiar sight in the city to see him munching a dozen or so of these in the middle of the day. No doubt they are more appetizing than dynamite or tin-tacks.

Sweden has begun to emancipate itself from slavery to coal. The government has decided to operate by electricity the two thousand two hundred miles of railway which it owns. The electricity will be generated by water-power, which is abundant in that mountainous country. Some time ago it was noted that Italy also had begun to utilize its waterfalls for producing electricity, and was expecting an industrial revolution in consequence of the supply of cheap power for manufacturing purposes.

Few persons would guess that the smallest things visible to the eye are the stars. Yet Dr. Edward Dwyer was no doubt correct in declaring such to be the case in his address before the chemical section of the British Association at Belfast. Great as many of the stars are in actual magnitude, their distance is so immense that their angular diameter becomes insensible, and they approach the condition of geometrical points. The minute disks that they appear to have are spurious, an effect of irradiation.

Some curious statistics relating to hair have been collected by the school authorities at Lille, France. Thus, the auburn-haired boys are generally at the head of the recitation classes and the blonde girls learn their lessons best. Auburn boys and blonde lasses come out highest as arithmeticians. But in composition they are nowhere. The dark-haired children of both sexes have the quality of imagination, and in their compositions know how not to fatigue the attention. They have movement and originality. In short, they seem, as compared to the auburns and blondes, born stylists.

The fastest steam vessel in the world is now an American product. A few weeks since, on the Hudson River, the new yacht "Arrow," built for two New York gentlemen, beat the record of the English torpedo-destroyer "Viper" by almost three miles an hour. The "Arrow" ran a mile in less than one minute and twenty seconds, or at the rate of 45.06 miles per hour. The record of the "Viper" is 42.25 miles per hour. The "Arrow" is 130 feet long, 12 feet 6 inches beam, 4 feet 7 inches draft, with a displacement of 66 tons. Her quadruple expansion engines can produce 4,000 horsepower.

A rich man in a certain New England city died, leaving his entire fortune to his second wife. A newspaper sensation was manufactured of the case. The widow was heart-broken at her husband's death, and was scarcely able to attend to the ordinary demands upon her judgment and courage. Two days after the funeral a man appeared at her house and insisted that his business was of the first importance, and that he must see the lady at the door for a single moment. Although she was half-dazed by grief, she was struck by the unusualness of the request, and glancing from the window, saw two men posted across the street with a camera, ready to take a snapshot of her in her widow's garb for the benefit of one of the yellow journals! Could vulgar intrusion go further?

Santos-Dumont, the intrepid experimenter with dirigible balloons, quite naturally, when on solid earth and at home, prefers to find recreation in pursuits of a tranquilizing and non-adventurous kind. Yet a recent visitor to his house admits surprise at the particular form of mild diversion selected. "His whole house, or rather the rooms, where he is now staying in the Elysee Palace Hotel," records the visitor in the Philadelphia "Press," "are filled with pieces of embroidery, tapestry work and knitting of his own doing. When he is studying out a troublesome problem in connection with his airships he knits. When he returns home tired and nervous after several hours spent in the sheds with his workmen, he knits. He says it is a relaxation, and insists that he likes it."

Need Teeth.

Serious Failure of Body Comes From Lack of a Good Grinding Mill.

"A few years ago mother had her teeth all taken out, hoping in that way to relieve her suffering, but failed, and it left her gums so sensitive that the wearing of false teeth or the proper mastication of food were equally impossible, so that in the spring of 1901 she failed rapidly, mind and body both giving way, and for many weeks life and reason were despaired of."

"At one call of her physician he said she absolutely must take more nourishment, something easily digested, 'try Grape-Nuts.' I immediately obtained a package, prepared some with good, rich cream, and fed her from a teaspoon. She began to take it regularly, and liked the food so well she would ask between times if we had any ready for her. She began to improve at once."

"It is now three months since she began eating the food. She has fully recovered her health, looks better and is fleshier and stronger mentally and physically than for many months previous."

"Grape-Nuts furnished the nourishment for her that it seemed impossible to get from any other kind of food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Stronger Than Death.

THERE is in Gloucester, Massachusetts—perhaps it should be said there was not long ago—a captain of a fishing-smack who was the hero of as brave a story as was ever told; and there is in Philadelphia the office of a steamship company where the other side of the story is well known.

An ocean liner crossing the Banks in seas that swept the decks sighted a fishing-vessel with the flag flying union down—everywhere the recognized signal of distress. The captain looked at the vessel through his telescope, and saw no signs of life. It was freezing cold, and the waves rolled in gray mountains which threatened to crack a boat into splinters before she was fairly lowered. The captain thought a while, and looked out on the sea and figured his chances of getting to the distressed fisherman.

He called his crew, rang the engineer's bell, and made ready to lower a boat. The crew listened to what he said about the danger, but declared themselves ready to try it. Then the captain looked again through his telescope. He rubbed his eyes in astonishment. The flag on the fisherman, which, a little before, had been flying union down, was now flying from the masthead, union up.

Here was a strange thing. There were still no signs of life on board the distant vessel. The captain thought hard, and spoke again to the crew. They were still for going.

So they put off in a boat, the first officer and the second mate and men at the oars. The liner meanwhile had gone off her course nearer the smack.

When the boat drew near the strange fishing-schooner, the chances of boarding her seemed slight. The sea pitched the ship's boat high on a shaking peak of water, then slammed her heavily into a chasm between two tottering walls.

In justice to his men the officer in charge of the boat proposed that they put back. On the deep hulk that lurched a hundred yards from them was nothing to indicate that a living man was there to be saved or left to his fate. But the crew and the mate urged that they should try to make fast and swing on board. If that flag had been changed it, so they pulled nearer, and, keeping free of the dark hull that loomed and rolled and threatened to smash them, they flung a rope over the rail, and one by one clambered on board.

They found the captain and the crew lashed to the masts, frozen unconscious, took them off, and got them safe back to the steamer. Some of the men were dead, but the captain and several of the crew came to life.

When the captain of the fisherman was able to speak, they asked him about the flag which had been first upside down, then righted. This was his simple explanation:

He had reversed the flag to summon help. Then when he felt himself going and saw how near was the sea, he thought that if any came to save him, they would run too great a risk, so with his last ounce of strength he had righted the flag again to prevent good seamen from losing their lives in a vain effort to save him.

A Mexican Ballad.

There was a Greaser bold and staid—
Don Gomez del Gomazza!
Who loved a gentle Greaser maid,
The Donna Frontpiazza.
Don Gomez rode a mustang proud,
And wore a bloody sash;
Of all the gallus Greaser crowd
He was the dillest masher.
Don Gomez once was tempted sore,
Despite of law and order,
To glut his greedy thirst for gore
And cross the Texas border.
"So fare you well, me lady fair—
Me pretty little Donna!"
In vain she tore her raven hair—
Her Gomez was a goner.
Then hid he to the Rio Grand,
With Yankee hordes to battle;
He crossed into the promised land,
And went to stealing cattle.
And there, with more than royal pluck,
He did this pleasing duty.
And, meeting with uncommon luck,
He started home with booty.
But, oh! the Yankees, fierce and strong,
While marching out to battle,
Beheld Don Gomez come along
A-driving them there cattle.
They gathered in the festive steers,
And snugged that gallus Greaser,
And, with a round of hoots and jeers,
They hanged him to a tree, sir.
Lord wailed the Greaser maiden fair—
The Donna Frontpiazza!
Once more she tore her maiden hair
For Gomez del Gomazza! —Ex.



Toronto Citizen—That's a bum light.



"Ah, that is better."

A Novelist's Impromptu.

M. R. ROBERT BARR, of the "Idler," tells a good story of a tramp from Hastings to Winchelsea in company with a friend. When the twain arrived at their destination they sought a hotel for refreshment. What took place there is described by the novelist as follows: "In the coffee room they

had a visitors' book, which was full of poetical efforts and sketches. Some of the poetry was very bad. However, the poetry was unanimous in one respect—the writers had all been very much pleased with the hotel and its fare. It appeared suspicious to me that in almost every leaf a part of the page had been cut out. I imagine that when anybody wrote anything that didn't suit the views of the proprietor, that gentleman used the closure in the shape of a pair of scissors. My own sentiments, which are probably cut out by this time, were given in a few lines, which, I may claim without being conceited, were the worst in the book, always excepting those written by my friend. Here they are:

"It seems to me that those who write the truth about the place and prices, Have what they say cut out of sight. So flatter—that's what my advice is."

"We had a plain and simple tea,
Very nice, but not extensive;
The price they charged us seemed to be,
All things considered, darned expensive."

"I signed this with the plain and non-committal letter B., after which my friend wrote:

"With Mr. B. I don't agree,
To join his grumbling I decline;
I never had a cheaper tea,
But then, you see, he paid for mine."

Cured Once and For All.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Make no Halfway Work of Kidney Disease.

J. J. McDonald Had Rheumatism and Dropsy, Was Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Has Had no Return of the Trouble For Five Years.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 1.—(Special)—It has been acknowledged for some years that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure any case of Kidney Disease, and of late those interested in medical science have been watching those cures to convince themselves that they were permanent. Gradually the conviction is forced that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure once and for all. One more proof of this is furnished by John J. McDonald, a well-known farmer, now residing at 130 Langlois avenue. Five years ago he was troubled with Rheumatism and Dropsy. For two years he suffered terribly, and the different medicines he tried failed to relieve him. His legs were swollen, and the pains he suffered were most acute. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills, was cured, and his cure caused quite a sensation at the time.

Mr. McDonald, speaking of his cure recently, says:

"I have had no return of my trouble up to the present, and I am not anxious for any. It is with pleasure I acknowledge that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I found them just as represented, and they did for me far more than I expected they would."

House Mottoes.

Tourists of the contemplative kind are often surprised and sometimes delighted at the unexpected discovery of quaint house mottoes and inscriptions during their wanderings from place to place. Perhaps one of the most curious collections of mural inscriptions mentioned by Miss S. F. A. Caulfield, the author of a work on the subject, is to be found in the ancient city of Galway.

"It has four gates, facing respectively north, south, east and west, and on each was a precatory motto. That facing north bore the words:

From the ferocious O'Flahertys,
Good Lord, deliver us!

"On the south gate:

From the devilish O'Dalys,
Good Lord, defend us!

"On the east gate:

From the cut-throat O'Kellys,
Good Lord, save and keep us!

"And on the west gate:

From the murderous O'Maddens,
Good Lord, preserve us!"

What a very undesirable collection of neighbors the poor folk of Galway appear to have had!

Fortune is capricious because she is feminine; for the same reason she is easily bluffed.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water and you get a draught of

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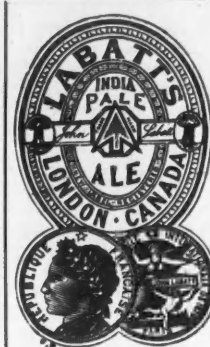
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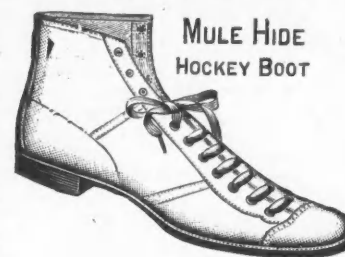
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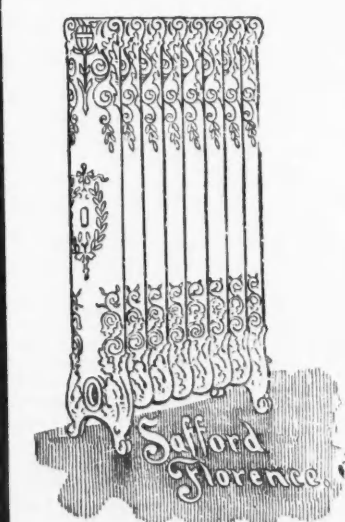
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VOL. 16. TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1902. NO. 4



THE DRAMA

Surely dramatists and actors have now exploited the woman of lost virtue to the limit of decency and endurance. Those who saw "A Modern Magdalen" during the first half of this week

saw a play that, stripped of its ingenuity and cleverness, was simply an exposition of all the nasty elements in human character—vanity, avarice, drunkenness, lust, lying, ingratitude, hypocrisy. Of the dozen or more characters, there is only one who can be called admirable. The play is a distorted and untrue, and therefore demoralizing, picture of life, because such a proportion of evil to good is, in human experience, exceptional, abnormal and improbable. Of course the dramatist has exerted himself to excuse the sinning of his heroine. A heroine is not a heroine unless sympathy is enlisted on her side. Like all "soiled doves," she is constantly snivelling about her heart being good. Goodness of heart is the commonest but lamest defence for wrongdoing. This woman, who is held up to our gaze as "a modern Magdalen," was not the victim of passion; she did not go astray through love for her partner in shame. She deliberately became the mistress of a man whom she did not love. And her excuse was that her sick sister was suffering, perhaps dying, for lack of food and medicine. No woman not already bad ever went to the devil for such a reason. And after all, this explanation, if true, is only half the truth. Personal vanity, the desire for ease and finery, the wish to "cut a swath," were fatal elements in our "modern Magdalen's" character from the first. If it were necessary to sell her body in order to save her sister's life she might have made a more advantageous and decent bargain. A rich, if repulsive, man offered her honest marriage. She spurned him instantly, and immediately afterwards fled to the arms of a rake to be—not a wife, but a mistress.

I hate to prod deeper into the unpleasant story, but a bald outline of the play may serve better to reveal the sordid, hideous nature of this repellent though clever piece of so-called dramatic realism, than any critical comment. The first scene is the squalid interior of a drunkard's home in New York. The inmates are Hiram Jenkins, the father; two daughters, Katinka and Olivia, the former beautiful, the latter an invalid; a shrewish stepmother, and a boarder, Eric Hargreaves—poor, studious, hard-working, ambitious and in love with Katinka. The family are in desperate straits and Katinka seeks employment, but everywhere finds men who are ready to take advantage of her poverty. One of these individuals, a well-dressed club-man, fascinated by her good looks, pursues her, and proposes that she shall come and live in apartments with him. She rejects his shameful suit, but he coolly leaves his card and tells her that she may yet need him, and if so she can send to his club. Outraged and indignant, she tears the card to bits and scatters it on the floor. The student declares his love for her. She admires him, is flattered by his ambitious plans for their future, but is not certain of her feelings towards him. She asks him how long it will be before he can provide for her and marry her. "A year—perhaps eighteen months," he answers. She is appalled at the prospect. She needs present help, ready money; her sister is dying before her eyes for need of suitable nourishment and medicine. The dissipated father comes home, and in the course of conversation at the table tells Katinka that old Brinker, a retired storekeeper and money lender, has made a proposal of marriage. As the Jenkins owe Brinker a large sum of money, Katinka must make a choice between accepting him and seeing her family pitched into the street. The girl braves the wrath of her father and stepmother in declaring that she loathes Brinker and will never marry him. The money-lender comes to press his suit in person. He is a repulsive, dog-faced creature, but a "plain, straightforward man," as he asserts, and his intentions are honest. But Katinka will have none of him. A moment after this interview, the sick sister comes into the room where Katinka is alone, and swoons from sheer illness and starvation. Katinka agonizes over the pitiable little invalid. Something must be done—something radical—and that at once. Snatching the fragments of the club-man's card from the floor, she pieces them together and reads the address. She dons hat and shawl, and starts to find the stranger who had offered her money. Eric the student enters, inopportunely, and thwarts her intention. By a ruse she sends him to his room, locks the door after him, and flies to the life of infamous opulence.

The Jenkins family are next revealed living in comparative luxury. Katinka has disappeared, and the mention of her name is forbidden in the family circle. The little sister Olivia has become strong and well and is about to be married to a reformer engaged in the suppression of vice. She and her stepmother both suppose that the father is earning the money that keeps them. The father alone knows that it comes from Katinka, and he does not scruple to accept this share of her earnings as a madcap dancer in a low variety theater. Katinka's yearning to see her sister at last overcomes her prudence and she visits her family, dressed gorgeously and accompanied by the club-man, Lindsey, Olivia, poisoned against Katinka by the stepmother, and divining the origin of her splendid jewels and garments, treats her as an outcast.

The next act takes place in Katinka's luxurious apartments, where a wine supper is held, attended by a number of her music hall friends and men about town, including Albert Lindsey, who supplies her with most of her money, and old Brinker, who, in turn, supplies Lindsey with funds and who has been taking on a good deal of polish since he first appeared. This act reveals very plainly the fast and

loose life Katinka is leading. The evening is an eventful one. She finds for one thing that Lindsey, her domestic partner, is both a financial and moral bankrupt—a married man and the father of a family, who is now found out and must fly. She discovers another thing, that her father does not care how her money comes, so long as he is provided with plenty to eat, drink, wear and smoke. She discovers yet another thing, that her sister's fiancé, the social reformer, John Strong, is an arrant hypocrite. For, having come to her rooms at her invitation, and not knowing her relationship to his bride-to-be, she tempts him and he falls. She discovers, still further, that Brinker, now that Lindsey is out of the way, is intent as ever on marrying her. And in the shipwreck of all her hopes, and the ruin of her last vestiges of ideals, she sits down to commit suicide by poison, but just as the fatal draft reaches her lips her hand is restrained by the strong arm of her student lover, Eric Hargreaves, and she dashes the potion to the ground.

The last act shows Katinka indeed a moral and financial derelict. The jig is up. She can no longer help her family. There is nothing left to help them with. Old Brinker comes and again lays his heart at her feet, tempting her with a vision of foreign travel, of luxury undreamt of, and boundless wealth, for he is now a very rich man. But she is sick of it all. Eric, the student, is the one who alone knows how to rescue her from her degradation and despair. The Spanish-American war has just commenced. He has volunteered with an engineer's corps. He comes and asks her to go to the front as a nurse. In work, in service of others, she will find nepenthe for suffering and strength to begin life anew. And she follows him, leaving Brinker, leaving her father, leaving her whole damnable past.

This, it may be argued, is not an immoral ending. And neither it is. But to arrive at such a conclusion, was it necessary for Sudermann or his adapter, Mr. Haddon Chambers, to drag an audience through the slimy, foul-smelling depths of which the whole play, up to the very moment of its ending, reeks and stinks? There is only one name for the sort of wrongdoing of which Katinka Jenkins was guilty. It is a name that does not sound pleasantly in the ears of a mixed company.

Fortunately, "A Modern Magdalen," as played here by one of Miss Amelia Bingham's talented companies, was redeemed by a great deal of very clever acting and a strong comedy element—the characters of Jenkins, Mrs. Jenkins and John Strong the reformer being turned into richly amusing farce by the players who portrayed them. Miss Roselle Knott, a native of Hamilton, who played the title role, is an emotional actress possessed of considerable magnetism, beauty and talent.

Shea's Theater this week presents T. W. Eckert and Emma Berg as a prominent feature. These artists have been seen in Toronto several times in their operetta, as they call it, by Lamb and Petrie. The music is fair and the scenery very pretty. Mr. Eckert's manipulation of the piano is a treat to listen to. Lillian and Shorty De Witt are very funny, and Shorty keeps the audience convulsed. He sings well, too, for such a mite—he cannot be more than three-quarters of a yard tall. Loney Haskell gives a good monologue, but Toronto audiences don't appreciate such coarse allusions to the modes and habits of our fair citizens. His monologue would, no doubt, go far better if these points were moderated a little. Kate Elinore is certainly very original and quite funny, and her sketch, produced with the assistance of Miss May Elinore, Mr. Sedgewick and the stage hands, appeared to make a hit. If the Juggling Johnsons, who are here again, can so change their act (for they now have scenery of their own, are differently attired, and have added many new and clever features to their turn), why cannot the skit artists who persist in bringing the same old act here season in and season out, follow their example and give us something new? The Johnsons have always been appreciated here and probably always will be. "A Winter Session," by Cushman, Holcombe and Curtis, is quite pretty. It is a rural affair, dealing with the country schoolhouse. The singing of the trio was extremely good, and although there was comparatively no theme to it this act made the hit of the performance. Swan and O'Day, black-face, are not much. Their act consists mostly of ungrammatical ranting and winds up with a very ordinary sad shuffle. "Jack and the Beanstalk" is the pantomime photo presented by the kinetograph this week. It is fair, but not a very well chosen conclusion to this week's bill, for one at least requires a good concluding act to leave a favorable reminiscence.

This week at the Grand an inferior show occupies the boards. "Spotless Town" is a very light (and supposedly comic) opera. But it is of the horseplay variety, possessing no true humor. It introduces all the well-known "Spotless Town" characters of the street car ads, with similar scenery and costumes, besides a good many others. There is very little plot. The women evidently ran Spotless Town and anyone found wearing spots was at once fined. Carlin and Brown, two German comedians, "helping each other spend his money," of course were hoodooed in every possible manner by the people of the town, and raised many a laugh by their mispronunciation and misuse of English words. The dwarfs, Speck Brothers, were there with their boxing act, and several other specialties were introduced by different members of the company. A couple of their songs have been heard here before, in fact their best two, "Spotless Town" and "In the Sweet By and By." On the whole, it is a rather poor vaudeville performance. Its being advertised as written by Whitcombe Reilly and Frank Dumont is somewhat misleading, and one wonders at Whitcomb Riley, the child's poet, writing such inane stuff but the different spelling of the names accounts for the mistake.

LANCE.



HELEN BYRON.

A big spectacular production is "The Wizard of Oz," which will be produced for the first time in Toronto at the Princess Theater next week. It is an aggregation of marvels that cost a bankful of money, and of laughter, song, dance and beauty that cost another. "The Wizard of Oz," which comes here after a three months' phenomenally successful run at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, where the capacity of the theater was tested at every performance, is declared to be one of the greatest spectacular achievements that this country has ever known. So conservative a journal as the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" said: "The Wizard of Oz" eclipses anything before originated on this side of the water. It is a gigantic novelty and its success will extend from coast to coast and from ocean to ocean." Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, who have the two principal comedy roles, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, are declared by the Chicago press to be veritable pioneers in the field of musical comedy as dancers, pantomimists and eccentric comedians. The score of comedians in the new extravaganza includes that Celtic genius, Bobby Gaylor, who has been entrusted with the role of "the Wizard." The mere mention of Mr. Gaylor's name provokes a smile from those acquainted with his irresistible personality. In all spectacular productions the feminine contingent is most essential, and "The Wizard of Oz" is said to be up to the highest standard



ROSS AND FENTON.

Who are to appear at Shea's Theater shortly.

of twentieth century pulchritude. Dainty little Anna Laughlin, vivacious Helen Byron, comely Bessie Wynn, statuesque Aileen May, charming Grace Kimball, and petite Genevra Gibson head the corps of femininity, which includes over sixty girls.

For next week Mr. Shea promises an exceptionally strong list of attractions. Among the many features will be: Milly Capell, the celebrated equestrienne, with her famous horse; the three Dumonds, in a clever musical act; Clayton White; Marie Stuart & Co., presenting a continuation of their popular comedy sketch, entitled "Mrs. Dickey"; Sam Elton, comedian; Wood and Ray, grotesque comedians; George W. Day in a monologue; Rice and Walters in a novel acrobatic act, and the kinetograph completes the bill.

The Failure.

A Failure, who had ne'er achieved

Self-victory, at last lay dead.

"Poor failure!" Thus his neighbors grieved;

"Poor miserable wretch," they said.

"His weakness was the worst of crimes.

He failed at least a thousand times."

Meanwhile the Failure gave to God

His vain attempts. Remorsefully

And prostrate on the skye sod.

"I failed a thousand times," said he.

"Welcome!" rang out the heavenly chimes

He strove—he strove a thousand times.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD



"Who said another morning paper?"

An Editor's Bet.

The editor of the Glasgow "Echo" avers he is not much of a sport, but, he says, "when we meet a cinch in the road we recognize it." He accepted a proposition the other day, made by a friend, through which he was to give his friend a dime for every time a woman passed them and did not put her hand behind her to learn if her skirt was all right behind. On the other hand, the editor's friend agreed to give him a nickel for each time a woman felt of her belt behind. "We got sixty-two nickels," the moulder of opinion says, "and paid him one dime—a woman with both arms full of parcels came along."

"Say, pa," began little Willie again, "why—" "Now, see here," his pa interrupted. "I told you I wouldn't answer any more questions. Let this be the last now. What is it?" "I just wanted to know, pa, why you don't answer my questions. Is it 'cause you're ignorant, or jest 'cause yer indigestion's come on?"—Philadelphia "Press."



Memorial Cross erected to the memory of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, and his son the Earl of Ava, at Clonboye, Ireland.

Church Music in Toronto.

VIII.—OLD ST. ANDREW'S.

I FOUND myself in Old St. Andrew's Church last Sunday evening, having been drawn there partly because the services were on behalf of the St. Andrew's Society. While there was no turning people away from the doors, the auditorium was completely filled. The church has a bright, comfortable, modern appearance, and one's eye is caught on entering by the very handsome and ornamental organ, an up-to-date instrument which has cost the congregation, including the recent alterations, about \$9,000. I derived both pleasure and profit from the musical service, which was rendered by a choir of thirty-eight voices, with solo quartette, under the direction of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, the organist and choirmaster, one of the comparatively younger school of enterprising Canadian musicians, and indebted for his early training to Dr. Torrington. Mr. Jeffers has been in charge of the choir for six weeks only, and therefore has not yet had full opportunities of carrying out his ideas, but judging from the very praiseworthy choral singing which I heard, I should fancy that there is a promise of a development of the choir which in the near future may agreeably astonish the congregation. The selections were governed by good taste, which was very conspicuous in the organ voluntaries. The opening organ numbers, for instance, were the lovely "Andante" from the Mendelssohn violin concerto, and Field's "Nocturne" in D flat, while the closing voluntary was Smart's setting of Handel's "Fixed in His Everlasting Seat." Mr. Jeffers played these with considerable accomplishment of style and execution, and his work in the Handel excerpt was sound and solid. After the Doxology had been sung with true congregational fervor, Snolhr's beautiful chorus and solo obligato, "As the Hart Pants," followed. I do not know whether my experience at church has been singular, but this was the first occasion on which I have heard this setting of the Psalm in this country. So far as my experience goes, local choirmasters seem to prefer the Mendelssohn setting. Spohr's sweet melody was, therefore, doubly grateful to me. The solo was sung by the leading soprano, Mrs. Eleonora James-Kennedy, whose bright, clear voice suited the music, and whose rendering was careful and conscientious. The choir, too, sang effectively in the matter of good quality of tone, truth of intonation, and a creditable observance of the shading. No doubt Mr. Jeffers will be able to obtain increased variety of tone color from his choir in due course of time. In acknowledgment of the national character of the society on whose behalf the services were held, Mrs. Heyland (Miss Agnes Forbes) sang "My Ain Country," which she gave with appropriate accent, and with an oratorical emphasis and expression that infused much sentiment into the delivery of the words. A subsequent number was De Koven's setting of Kipling's "Recessional," by the choir and solo voice. The feature of this selection was the really fine singing of Mr. Arthur Bight in the solo. His voice has evidently a good compass, and it rang through the church vibrant, well sustained, and of rich, even quality. I am not a particular admirer of De Koven's setting of the hymn. It is characterized more by sentimentality than depth of feeling, but, "faute de mieux," it will pass very well.

The choir, which seems to have excellent material in all the sections, is divided as follows: Sopranos, 17; altos, 7; tenors, 5; basses, 9. Not a large choir, it will be said, but the church is not a specially large one, and the present number of singers produce a good volume of tone which makes itself felt in leading the congregation, and is almost adequate for the acoustic requirements of the auditorium, except in very strenuous and massive music. The quartette of solo voices consists of Mrs. Eleonora James-Kennedy, soprano; Mrs. Chattoe Morton, contralto; Mr. W. J. Wilson, tenor, and Mr. Arthur Bight, bass. The organ is more than powerful enough for the size of the church. When the full organ is used, the auditorium is filled with sound, and there are not a few people who have complained that it is overpowering. I cannot endorse the complaint, as when Mr. Jeffers was playing the power was just about right. The action of the instrument is electro-pneumatic, and it has some very beautiful solo stops, voiced with delicacy and refinement. I am not in the confidence of either the organist or the church authorities, but it is not at all improbable, I am told, that the choir will be augmented by thirteen or fifteen members. The addition would naturally give greater body and brilliancy to the choir singing and would offer greater scope for the production of numbers requiring divided choirs.

There are still many persons in Toronto not of Presbyterian denomination who have an idea that the music of the Presbyterian churches is composed mainly of psalms, droned out in unison with a nasal tone by the congregation, with an effect peculiarly disagreeable to musical people. I would recommend these people to pay a visit either to New St. Andrew's or Old St. Andrew's, and I am confident that they would get a revelation. They would find a liberal service drawn from the best masters, rendered in a musical manner by good choirs and eminently pleasing solo singers and supported by first-class organs. They would hear organ transcriptions of the choicest works for orchestra, violin and piano, choir anthems with solo obligato, and other compositions in which the whole quartette of solo voices are utilized. They would also hear sonorous and impressive congregational singing, and they would come away with their experience very much enlarged. Even in the smaller Presbyterian churches there is evinced a desire to add beauty as one of the elements of the music, and the movement is bound to grow.

The tendency for better musical services is seen in all the non-Episcopalian churches. The solo quartette of voices as a complement of a selected and competent choir is now a pretty general feature in the Toronto churches, and there does not seem any immediate danger of the quartette system being abused to the detriment of the choir, as in the leading cities of the United States.

One may expect much from the musical administration of Mr. Jeffers at Old St. Andrew's. He is a catholic musician who has studied other instruments besides the organ; who has written a treatise on the modern method of piano-forte instruction, and who has composed several sacred and secular works. He has also made himself prominent in movements for the promotion of objects purely in the interests of Canadian musicians, such as the University examinations, and the organization of the Musicians of Ontario. His training has been such that he is not likely to be prejudiced for or against any particular school of music, and he will be free to draw upon a wide range of music for the service of the church.

I had nearly forgotten to mention that the arrangement of the organ console and the choir seats is very convenient. Both are situated in front of the minister's pulpit, so that the organist and minister are, so to speak, always in touch with each other, and the possibility of hitches occurring owing to a misunderstanding is reduced to a minimum. The old-fashioned system of having the organist with his back to the pulpit and having to peer into a mirror to see what is going on, is gradually being abandoned.

CHERUBINO.

What He Had to Do.

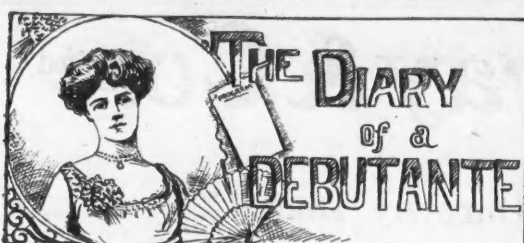
Father (left in charge)—No, you cannot have any more cake. (Very seriously): Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise?

Little Girl (sobbing)—Yes.

Father—Well, what is that?

Little Girl—Give me some more cake.

And she was quite right.



Mamma and I are signally exchanged. It has dawned upon me impressively that this is so. One day lately she said quite decidedly that she would rather not have me come shopping with her. If it were a little nearer Christmas I could understand, but even an ermine-lined opera wrap (and that's what I am praying for from Santa Claus) does not need three weeks to decide on. Mamma went shopping alone, and if the Butterfly hadn't come in and talked about the ball and paid me some funny compliments, I'd have really felt quite lonely and forsaken. We went for a long walk, until lunch-time, and when we came home Mamma was there first, and she couldn't have been nicer and dearer. So much so that I told her how hurt I felt at being left alone. And she laughed and said, "But you weren't alone, dattie," and then she turned to the Butterfly and sighed and said, "Misunderstood, my dear boy," and the Butterfly positively squeezed her hand in quite a flitting way, and seemed rather confused when she told him he mustn't and promised that she would cultivate the knack of being artistic. Mamma is sometimes rather a puzzle to me, even now.

I don't know whether it was that little feeling of uncertainty about Mamma that made me lonely, but when one of the girls (that one who wanted herself or her sisters to be married this season) came to ask me to go to the matinee I agreed quite briskly, and did not even ask Mamma if she wanted me for anything. I think she noticed it, though she only said, "If it were only not Wednesday I'd go with you, but you know, dattie, those calls must be paid." After we went down town I remembered that we had planned a big afternoon of visits and a tea together. It was so thoughtless of me, but the girl laughed and said, "I should think you'd be glad to be off duty for once," and then she told me, after I'd promised not to be angry, that her sisters called me the A.D.C. because I always went about with Mamma. I did not see anything to be angry about; surely, when we are so clumsy, it's the nicest arrangement. The girl asked me if I never minded at all what people said about me, and I don't really believe I've ever thought about it much. I should certainly not have fancied they said a number of things that girl told me.

She isn't an ill-natured girl, either, though I wondered at her telling me they thought me very sly, and a flirt of the sort that men enjoy, and a lot of other nonsense which wasn't in the least funny, and struck me as decidedly ill-bred. At last she said, "For goodness' sake, Debutante, don't take life so seriously. It's a pose that goes well with the old folks, but it's tiresome when we are together like this." I felt a bit annoyed at her, and told her so, and she was so nice, and actually told me that she liked me best because I did not say mean little things about other girls, and she thought I was true and sincere. I can tell you privately, dear Diary, that I was glad when that matinee was over. But she wasn't quite so trying as a girl with whom I went to and returned from a dance one night lately. It was a young folks' dance, and Mamma had a telephone from a friend to ask if her daughter might share a coupe with me. Norah had a toothache and I did not wish to take her out, so, as I am never sent alone in a cab anywhere, I was quite glad of the arrangement. That girl asked me at least a hundred questions on the way out, and she slept all the way home. She had a jolly, patronizing, off-hand way of asking questions, as if, because she has been out four years, it did not matter. She wanted to know who my dressmaker was, and when I told her my frocks came from England she said, "Oh, go on!" and so I did, and told her the name and address of my dressmaker in London, and how much she made her bill, and where and when we bought the lace for the frock I had on. And she never saw the fun of it at all, but went on asking me if I had an allowance, and did I prefer champagne or Scotch, and if I smoked yet, and advised me to begin at once, because smart women all smoked in London (as if that made any difference in Toronto!). Then she asked me if I wasn't tired of flirting with the Butterfly (she called him by his first name, as Mamma does), and then, just as we got to the dance, she began to tell me a story about him, which I don't think was going to be quite nice, so I'm glad it was stopped.

When we got home I told Mamma of it, and she said very crossly, "Miss Passee knows a good many things which she didn't find out by asking questions honestly," and then Mamma gave me a few small hints about how to meet an inquisitive person, which amused me very much. Certainly my mother has made a study of every sort of human being, and is ready for any phase of life. It's beautiful to have a really clever mother if one isn't clever oneself. I told her so, and she twinkled a smile at me and remarked, "You had an exceedingly clever grand-mother, my child," the meaning of which I have just puzzled out. Can it be possible that my beautiful, gracious, clever, popular mother was ever a debutante who had to learn her world as I am doing? And oh, what did she do when Papa came into sight, for that happened after clever Grandmamma went where society isn't spelled with a capital letter.

I have nearly solved the mystery of the flowers which some one has been sending me all this season. Eight times have these lovely boxes come, always anonymously and always on the very days I want them most. Now one day I told my mother (just whom I forget for the moment) that I was devotedly fond of cyclamens, those little drooping-headed, rich-colored ones, you know. To-day, in the box of roses and lily of the valley, instead of violets there came a tiny bunch of cyclamens. Certainly it's only a question of time and memory now until I find it all out. To whom did I say I liked cyclamens? I have gone over all the men I know, and I can't recall with whom I was when I made that remark. However, I shall some day, and then behold how pleasant a thing gratitude will be! Only, I am afraid I may not get any more flowers, for surely, as Mamma says, the best part of them has been the delightfully romantic mystery of their bestowal.

Talking of romance reminds me of a man who is charming, and who is, I fancy, particularly so to me, not that he means to be, but that I am so impressed. Since I had the rather dubious pleasure of knowing the learned professor at close range I've been a bit chary of erudition. But this man is very learned and also "exquisitely groomed and found." (I got that description out of a book, and immediately fitted it to him.) I like to watch him while he talks, not necessarily to myself, and to hear the tones of his nice, cultured, well-toned voice, and he is, I am happy to say, rather addicted to seriousness. Beside this, there is a romance in his life, which Mamma once told me, not ever thinking I should meet him. How he would have been amused if he could have guessed what an interested girl said "Good morning" the day he called on Mamma, as soon as he came to this country! I waited for her to caution me not to tell his story to anyone, but I am glad she did not. It seems she sometimes risks me!

Therefore, dear Diary, only a whisper of it, because perhaps it explains the fascination he seems to have for me. How strange it would be if one had to proclaim these things,

TWO RECENT DEBUTANTES.



Miss Florence Cosbie.
Photo by Herbert Simpson.



Miss Mona Pyne.
Photo by Frederick Lyonde.

and how very strange it is to feel them. I am rousing up a note in my song of life, quite a glorious big note in the little ditty, and I do enjoy it so much. Perhaps when he goes back to England I shall forget the note, or find it a sort of echoing lost chord. One thing has come to me, that in this experience I am not disposed to be confidential to Mamma. She doesn't know, and I'm not going to talk about it to her. Like those lovely flowers, if all were told I might lose the experience I am enjoying so much. I know, in my head knowledge, that my ideas about this are rather silly, but I have developed some other way of looking at things lately. I know I don't apply the same sort of thought as I have all my life been using. And how surprised my new friend would be if he knew about it!

There has been a dinner given for him at our house, and he has been at several of our friends' houses quite informally, so that I have seen him a dozen times. No one has said anything to me about him, and I really don't think he has made any particular impression on anyone. Perhaps that is because they don't know about the romantic part of his life. Mamma is tremendously fond of him, I know, because she told me so in Geneva, and, as in the case of my friend the Englishman, he is, in my mind, apart from the rest of my circle, because of things that have happened to him. I think if I knew such a man as this he would probably spoil me for a lot of the men I do know, just as the air of the mountains spoils you for the close city atmosphere. He seems to expand and free a strength in me that I was not conscious of formerly. The head part of me says this is rubbish. The new way of thinking says it must be true or I'd never have thought it.

Self-Righteousness.

Unto the diamond with a flaw
The perfect pebble spoke:
"Alas, poor sister! some great law
Of heaven you have broke,

"Since imperfection's curse I see
Whene'er your form I view.
But cheer up! Some day you may be
A perfect pebble, too."

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

Some Notes From Studio and Gallery.

M. R. J. W. L. FORSTER'S painting of Lord Roberts, executed for the officers of the Queen's Own Rifles, of which regiment the present Commander-in-Chief is honorary colonel, is now in safe keeping at the artist's studio. Though unveiled some weeks ago in the officers' mess at the Armouries, the valued canvas will not be permanently hung there until certain repairs and alterations are completed, as it is feared the picture might be injured. Mr. Forster has unquestionably painted one of his most successful and attractive portraits in this picture of "Bobs Bahadur." Lord Roberts favored him with a number of sittings at his London residence. The great soldier is depicted for the first time in his khaki uniform. The pose is charmingly easy and natural, and the drawing is unusually facile. There is a fine contrast between the dark greenish background and the light color of the uniform. Mr. Forster is happy in his handling of the flesh tints. The face is the bronzed, ruddy face of the professional soldier. There is a wonderful, penetrating animation in the grave, kindly, sparkling eyes. The hands are the firm, plump, manly but

withal delicately moulded hands of one who is a man of force and action, but also of great refinement and culture. There is a most life-like texture in the brushwork of both hands and face. Amongst other canvases which Mr. Forster has recently executed are portraits of Mr. John King, K.C., for his son, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King of Ottawa; the late Professor McGregor of McMaster University; Mr. Strong, a well-known insurance man; and the late W. E. H. Massey, for the Massey Hall and library at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

The exhibition of Scotch and Dutch water colors under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association (by the way, should it not be "Women's" instead of "Woman's"?), continues to draw a great many picture lovers to the gallery in the Confederation Life Building. This is really a very interesting exhibition, most of the works on view having decided merit. Three of the best pictures among the Scotch water colors, which are more intense and virile than the Dutch works, are numbers 109, "Love Lightens Toil" (Thomas Scott, A.R.S.A.); 104, "Holy Island by Moonlight" (R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A.), and 90, "Sunshine and Shadow on Solway Sands" (A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A.). The three pictures named are three distinct types, and though very different in subject and treatment are equally excellent and distinguished in their several styles. Among the Dutch pictures, No. 35, "A View of Amsterdam," by Karel Klunenberg, is remarkable for its bright, sunny atmosphere. It contrasts strongly with the picture hung next to it, No. 2, "Street Scene in The Hague," by Floris Arntzenius, shows a vista of sombre, gloomy buildings in a half light. Josselin de Jong's "Reapers," No. 33, is perhaps the favorite picture of the Dutch exhibit. There is a lovely, soft atmospheric effect over the low-lying harvest field, and the posture of the reapers suggests the rhythm and swing of the scythes in a peculiar manner, almost evident to the ear as well as to the eye. Blaricum Tromp's little pastoral, "Dinner for the Goat" (No. 76) and the same painter's child study called "The Little Mother" (No. 75) are exquisite pieces of workmanship, and have a strongly human note which appeals to many persons. No. 36, "A Quiet Corner," by Willem Maris, shows a shady clump of trees to one side of a pasture, with a cow lying in the shadow. The light and shade are beautifully soft and well graded. No. 34, "Mother and Child" (Jacob Kever), is a characteristic Dutch interior, subdued in tone, simple in composition and commonplace as to subject. The room devoted to the cartoons of Willy Sluiter adds variety to the exhibition. Mynheer Sluiter's work is full of delightful humor. His exhibit is the largest contribution of any single artist and presents a great range of subjects.

The Smart Set.

It was many years since she had been to a tea—the little old lady with the placid grey eyes and the white curls framing the sweet old face.

"I will feel so strange among them all; I suppose everything will be different," she told herself with the shy diffidence of a schoolgirl, and her heart beat with hurried pit-a-pats as the door opened and she entered the great hall.

The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, and over everything fell the rosy glow of softly shaded lights. Outside she had felt a world of sunshine, and for one instant her thoughts flew back to the old days. Here was night in the daytime—then the sunshine fell in a golden flood through the parted curtains, and the blinds had only

been drawn and the lamps lighted with the coming of the twilight.

"Strange," she said dreamily to herself, but the comparison was forgotten in an instant. The maid was repeating for the second or third time, "Name, please?" as she held the portieres back to admit her.

"No, no!" the little lady said, with confusion, as her eyes fell on a room full of gaily dressed women all talking at the same time to the noisy "click, click" of china and silver. The clatter of cups and saucers, the hubbub, the lights, the air of confusion, bewildered her, and instinctively she drew back.

"Don't! don't!" she said hurriedly, "I will just slip quietly in through that other door."

And so, like a shadow from another world, a rose in a garden of weeds, a rare old Vandyke in a gallery of chromos, she stood, unnoticed—a dainty little bit of rich black silk and snowy old lace.

An indulgent smile lit up her quiet face, and she bowed with old-time courtesy to a line of noisy young girls who elbowed her aside as they pushed their way to the refreshment table. "It's up to you to get me an ice," one laughingly remarked, and defiantly repeated the sentence in expectation of a protest from one of the older ones. "Slang," she said, "slang, but good enough. It's up-to-date and expressive. Hear how common-sense it sounds, 'It's up to you—get a gait on! Hustle!'" She laughed gaily and the others joined in.

"Isn't she fierce?" asked one, and "Wouldn't that jar you?" murmured another, while a third added convincingly, "You always were a hard nut, Leila, but you hit the nail on the head every time, I notice. As the boys say, 'You're the right stuff!'"

"They are only young things—young things," the old lady said, apologetically, looking after them. "As they grow older they will have more sense," and searching for something congenial she moved towards a group of women talking with suppressed excitement as they edged each other to a quiet corner partially curtained off from the rest of the room.

"Oh, yes, she does," one was saying impressively. "She doesn't object to poker at all—not at all. She often has half a dozen tables at her afternoons. Indeed she does. Yes, I have chips and cards in my pocket. I generally carry them with me. Didn't you bring your purse? Oh, well, never mind, I will be banker. I can trust you, my dear. You remember that day at the Woodbine when Lambton gave you what you thought was the straight tip on Skylark, and you purred 20 to 1? You got in the mud, indeed, with your pretty mare last in the field," and she laughed with hearty abandon as she dealt the cards. "Never mind," she added, cheerily, "you are always lucky at poker. Ante, Mrs. Arlidge."

The little figure in black turned away. "Surely it must have taken a long, long time for things to change so," she said with a sigh. "I must be very, very old. Ah! those gentle little white-haired ladies by the fire—they will be more of my day, more of my ways. I will have a cup of tea with them. She moved slowly through the crowd, but as she reached the table at which they sat one leaned over and beckoned her towards it.

"Child," she said in a whisper, "one of those foolish girls brought tea to us. Isn't there punch? Or champagne cup? Something of that kind—something nice and strong? Like a dear one, send some over here. Tea!" she repeated, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Tea!" and shoved the cup scornfully aside. "It is only fit for babes."

"Ah, yes," the little old lady said, with another quick sigh, "I must be very, very old." Shrinking within herself, she slipped noiselessly past the slangy girls, the betting women, and the old ladies contentedly sipping their rum punch under the red glow, and passed with a long breath of relief into the outer world and the peaceful sunshine.

"What a queer little piece of antique," giggled one girl to another, as the door closed. M. M. W.

The Puff Reciprocal.

FOR some years it has been a custom with enterprising manufacturers to advertise their wares by quoting the unsolicited opinions of men eminent in the various walks of life. Chief of those who take pleasure in promoting the sale of various goods and nostrums are our literary men, whose emotional natures prompt them to spontaneous outbursts of the highest advertising value. But now that publishers are growing in wisdom and learning how much may be done by "display type" to excite public interest in their books, we need not be surprised to see reciprocity established between literature and commerce. Who, asks "Punch," would not feel inclined to pay \$5.6d. net for a novel that bore the endorsement of his favorite distiller, or a poem whose smooth versification was applauded, and its purity guaranteed, by the manufacturer of a nourishing breakfast food? Indeed, this departure seems inevitable, and we need not be surprised any Saturday morning to find in the back pages of the "Bookmaker" a publisher's list in which the merits of his wares will be set forth in this attractive manner:

"Temporal Power: A Study in Supremacy," by Marie Corelli—"A wonderful book. If only the author had treated some of her sprained metaphors and dislocated figures of speech with our embrocation, we should pronounce it perfect."—The Patriarch's Oil Co.

"The River," by Eden Phillpotts—"This charming novel is so pure in matter, and so effervescent in treatment, that we are seriously considering a proposal to bottle it for our foreign trade."—The Pop-Fizz Table Water Co.

"The Little White Bird," by J. M. Barrie—"It was really Mr. Barrie's fiction we had in mind when we coined for our smokes the phrase, 'mild, sweet and pleasing.'"—The Nicotine Co.

"The Intrusions of Peggy," by Anthony Hope—"For killing objectionable time this story is without a peer."—Katchem and Killem Insect Powder Co.

"Donovan, Pasha," by Sir Gilbert Parker—"Mr. Parker's latest book adds to his reputation as a careful and observant traveller. Our Egyptian office reports that the Sphinx is now enquiring 'Where will he break out next?'"—The Globe Trotter Tourist Co.

"James the Sixth and the Gowrie Mystery," by Andrew Lang—"Here is an attractive volume that goes far to disprove the contention that the word 'Scotch' is simply an adjective used to qualify whiskey. It also qualifies an admirable class of author of which Mr. Lang is the only member."—Peatsmoke and Blend, Distillers by Appointment.

"The Confessions of a Wife," by Herself—"In order to enjoy this marvel of self-revelation the reader should have a large bottle of our disinfectant on the library table."—The Chloride of Lime Co., Limited.

"The Eternal City," by Hall Caine—"Worth a guinea a volume. In confirmation of our statement we take pleasure in referring you to the author."—The Bice Pills for Bloated People Co.

Is Appendicitis Due to New Methods of Milling Flour?

Dr. H. C. Howard of Champaign, Ill., attributes the increase in the number of cases of appendicitis to the changes in the methods of milling flour. Up to 1875, he says, cases of this trouble were exceedingly rare, and he declares that the modern process of milling very white, fine flour, which takes from the grain nearly all the phosphates and leaves only starch and gluten, is chiefly responsible for the disease. He asserts that wherever a community has abandoned the old-fashioned coarse flours, appendicitis has very soon made its appearance, the latest illustration being among the negroes of the South, who, while their bread diet was solely corn flour, did not know what the disease was. As the use of white flour has increased, appendicitis has made its appearance among them with the most disastrous results.



Magistrate Howland (to Coalman Howland)—You have broken the Lord's Day Act, man, by unloading coal on the Sabbath.
Coalman H.—Yes, yer Worship, but I thought that coal had cost you enough already.

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Central office at 69 1-2 Yonge street,

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formation concerning this favorite road.

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Boston in 17 hours from Toronto.

Anecdotal.

One day a fat little colored woman en-

tered a dime savings bank in Detroit.

She carried a huge basket of clothes, and

her remark, as she handed in her book,

was, "I want to draw my remains."

"Public Opinion" says that a South Af-

rican constabulary commander wrote to

a local troop officer, asking if there were

any donkeys in camp. The reply came,

in the troop officer's handwriting: "Yes,

one—R. H. Symes, captain."

Senator Hoar was showing some Mas-

sachusetts visitors about Washington, D.

C., one day recently, and was pointing

out a magnificent old residence built

years ago by a famous and rather shady

lawyer of his time. "Why," the senator

was asked, "was he able to build a house

like that by his practice?" "Yes," re-

plied Hoar, "by his practice and his practices."

An old colored woman who had saved

up a little money went to her lawyer to

consult with him about investing it pro-

fitably. When she was asked what in-

terest she expected, she answered in a

very sure and emphatic manner: "Twelve

per cent., Mr. Judge." When the at-

torney expressed some surprise, she ex-

plained her position thus: "Well, judge,

I ain't got much money, an' you see I

has ter git a big per cent, ter make up."

A Scottish gentleman and a youth had

spent the whole day on the golf links,

and, as is often the case with particu-

larly enthusiastic players, had had

some remarkably close and exciting

games. As they left for home the old

man remarked, "Hey, mon, but it's been

a gran' day!" "It has," the youth as-

serted. "Think ye ye could come again

on the morrow, laddie?" "Well," the

young man answered, reflectively, "I was

to be married, but I can put it off."

Counselor Tom Nolan, the famous

Yankee lawyer, was once retained by

the defendant in a suit at law brought to

recover payment of a gas bill, in which

a witness for the plaintiff was asked:

"On what evidence do you conclude that

sixteen thousand seven hundred and

forty feet of gas had been burned during

the month by the defendant?" "On the

evidence of the gas meter," was the an-

swer. At this the barrister impulsively

exclaimed, "I wouldn't believe a gas met-

er under oath!"

A traveler passing Farringford enquired

whose house it was. "Nobody's in par-

ticular," the driver replied. "But whose

is it?" "Mr. Tennyson's." "Do you call

him nobody? He is a great man!" "He

is a great man! Why, he only keeps one

man, and that one don't sleep in the

house!" Another story of the same pe-

riod represents one of the Tennyson

housemaids as saying that "Her mistress

was an angel." "And what of your mas-

s?" "Tyrell's."

Dainty Hand-Painted

Calendars

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quotations; R. L. Stevenson

Calendars in book form, with well

chosen selections from author, in red

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ter?" "Why" (with an inexpressibly

scornful air), "he's only a public writer!"

A small girl who has just begun to at-

tend school recently brought home a

pumpkin-seed, and told her mother that

the teacher said that although the seed

was white the pumpkin would be yellow.

"And what will the color of the vines

be?" asked the mother. The little girl

replied that the teacher had not taught

her that. "But," said her mother, "you

know, dear, for we have pumpkin-vines

in our garden." "Of course I do, but we

ain't expected to know anything until

we are taught."

The "Hon. Doc" Brown of Morgans-

field, Ky., who represents his district in

the State Legislature, is one of Kentuck-

ey's unique characters. To illustrate a

point in a recent speech, he gave the fol-

lowing account of his courtship: "Take

my advice and never give a woman any-

thing she can't eat, and never make love

to her out of an ink bottle. Why, when

I courted my wife, I just grabbed hold of

her and said: 'Sally, you are the sweet-

est thing on earth, and your beauty baffles

the skill of man and subdues his feroc-

ious nature,' and I got her."

George Seton, a London writer, has

published a budget of anecdotes, one of

which tells of a fashionable woman who

appeared before Pope Leo in a very low-

necked dress. His Holiness disapproved

of the costume so strongly that he sent

a cardinal to remonstrate with the wear-

er. The messenger made this rather am-

biguous explanation: "The Pope, my dear

madam, is rather old-fashioned, you

know, and dislikes seeing any lady in

evening dress. I, on the other hand, who

have spent six years of my life as a mis-

sionary among the cannibals, am quite

used to it."

When Disraeli made his entry into

public life he contested High Wycombe,

and then, as ever, his ready wit helped

him to success. His opponent was a

county man of influence. In an address

to the people this gentleman asserted

that he was "standing for the seat upon

the constitution of the country, upon the

broad acres of his fathers, upon law, prop-

erty and order." "What does Mr. Dis-

raeli stand upon?" demanded one of the

county magnate's adherents, with some-

thing of a sneer. Disraeli instantly rose.

"I stand upon my head," he answered,

with a meaning glance at the portly per-

son of his opponent. He proceeded to

demonstrate it in a telling speech.

Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his

own creations. Among them all he loved

Porthos best. The great, strong, vain

hero was a child after his own heart.

One afternoon, it is related, his son

Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed,

"What has happened to you? Are you

ill?" asked Dumas fils. "No," replied Du-

mas pere. "Well, what is it, then?" "I

am miserable." "Why?" "This morning

I killed Porthos—poor Porthos! Oh,

what trouble I have had to make up my

mind to do it! But there must be an

end to all this. Yet when I saw him

lie beneath the ruins, crying, 'It is too

heavy, too heavy for me!' I swear to you

that I cried." And he wiped away a tear

with the sleeve of his dressing-gown.

The German Emperor is a strict disciplin-

arian, and his power makes the penalty

for being lax in his service severe and

without appeal. For some time, says an

English paper, he noticed that his barber

came always a few minutes late. Finally

the Emperor gave the delinquent a fine

gold chronometer, and urged him to use

it. Strangely enough, the barber contin-

ued to be late, and after waiting in vain

for signs of improvement the Emperor

said to him at last: "Have you still the

chronometer I gave you?" "Yes, your

majesty, here it is," replied the barber,

taking it from his pocket. "Give it to

me," said the Emperor. "It is evidently

of no use to you, and you may have this

one instead." So saying, he placed the

handsome gold chronometer on his dress-

ing-table, and handed the amazed barber

a nickel-plated watch worth about five

shillings.

For Singers and Speakers.

The New Remedy For Catarrh Is Very

Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who repre-

sents a prominent manufacturing con-

cern and travels through Central and

Southern Michigan relates the following

regarding the new catarrh cure. He

says:

"After suffering from catarrh of the

head, throat and stomach for several

years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tab-

lets quite accidentally, and, like every-

thing else, I immediately bought a pack-

age, and was decidedly surprised at the

immediate relief it afforded me, and

still more to find a complete cure after

several weeks' use.

"I have a little son who sings in a

boys' choir in one of our prominent

churches, and he is greatly troubled

with hoarseness and throat weakness,

and on my return home from a trip I

gave him a few of the tablets one Sun-

day morning when he had complained of

hoarseness. He was delighted with their

effect, removing all huskiness in a

few minutes and making the voice

clear and strong.

"As the tablets are very pleasant to

taste, I had no difficulty in persuad-

ing him to use them regularly.

"Our family physician told us they

were an antiseptic preparation of un-

doubted merit, and that he himself had

no hesitation in using and recommending

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form

of catarrh.

"I have since met many public speak-

ers and professional singers who used

them constantly. A prominent Detroit

lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh

Tablets kept his throat in fine shape

during the most trying weather, and

that he had long since discarded the

use of cheap lozenges and troches on

the advice of his physician that they

contained so much tulu, potash and

opium as to render their use a danger

to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large,

pleasant tasting lozenges composed of

catarrhal antiseptics, like Red Gum,

Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggists

everywhere at 50 cents for full treat-

The Late Clarke Gamble, K.C.

Mr. Clarke Gamble, K.C., who died on Sunday, the 23rd inst., at 9 a.m., at "Lawton Park," the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. L. F. Hellmuth, K.C., was not only one of Toronto's oldest and most estimable citizens, valued by his friends as a fine type of the old-fashioned Christian gentleman, but had enjoyed a career remarkably rich in varied and well-deserved honors. Mr. Gamble entered upon his ninety-fifth year but three days prior to his demise, and he was the oldest barrister in Toronto, and undoubtedly also the oldest in the Dominion of Canada. Up to within a very few days of his death he had enjoyed remarkably robust health, his years considered; indeed, he may be said to have been in the full possession of his wonderfully acute and well-trained faculties to within a few hours of dissolution. Mr. Gamble was born on November 20, 1808, at Kingston, Ont., and was educated first at the Kingston District School, under Dr. Whitelaw, Rev. Dr. Curtis and Rev. John Wilson. After removing to York, now Toronto, in 1820, he continued his studies under the Rev. Dr. Strachan and the Rev. A. N. Bethune, first and second bishops of the Diocese of Toronto, and read for the Church under the direction of these distinguished clergymen and of the Rev. Dr. Phillips. Giving up the idea of taking sacred orders, Mr. Gamble studied law in the office of



Sir James B. Macaulay, afterwards Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and also under Christopher A. Hagerman, who eventually became a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench. While still under articles he was appointed secretary to the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, appointed to deal with the property of persons adjudged guilty of treason in connection with the rebellion of '37. He also acted as clerk of assize to Chief Justice Macaulay till called to the Bar, and while under articles and before he had attained to his majority, was appointed returning officer for the election of member of Parliament for the County of York. Such was the promising commencement of a career destined to be distinguished to its close. Mr. Gamble was "called" in Trinity term 1832 and at once commenced the practice of the law at Toronto. In his business and professional life he received innumerable testimonials of the confidence of his associates and clients. In 1840 he was appointed a Bench of the Upper Canada Law Society, and in 1847 was raised to the dignity of Queen's Counsel. He was solicitor for the city of Toronto for upwards of 24 years (1840 to 1864), to the Bank of Upper Canada and the estate thereof from 1834 to 1891, to the Quarter Sessions of the County of York in the old days when this body performed the functions of the present County Council; to the Northern Railway, to the Toronto Harbor Commission, to the British America Assurance Company from 1833 (when he was one of the incorporators) until he ceased active practice, about twelve years ago, and to many other private and public corporations. His activities were never wholly consumed, however, in a mere round of professional duties, and he found time for much philanthropic and religious work, and for the discharge of the responsibilities of a public-spirited citizen. For nearly sixty years Mr. Gamble was connected with the Toronto General Hospital as commissioner, trustee and solicitor. He was also long and prominently identified with the religious and charitable work of the Church of England. Mr. Gamble arrived in Toronto on Saturday, August 10, 1820, and the next day he attended Sunday school and divine service at St. James' Church, and he continued a member of St. James' congregation till 1878. He was senior church warden of the Cathedral for thirty years, and a lay delegate to the Synod of Toronto from the organization thereof till 1884. Mr. Gamble retired from the active practice of his profession about 1890, when over 80 years of age. He was twice married—first, to Mary Sayre Boulton, eldest daughter of the late D'Arcy Boulton, Esq., of "The Grange," Toronto, and next to Harriett Eliza Boulton, eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry John Boulton, "Holland House," Toronto, formerly Chief Justice of Newfoundland. Mr. Gamble commanded a company of militia in the Rebellion of 1837, and also had a clear recollection of episodes of the War of 1812. His memory was a storehouse of interesting political, ecclesiastical and legal reminiscence. The funeral took place on Tuesday, November 25, to St. James' Cemetery, service being held at the Cathedral by the Rev. Canons Welch and Cayley, and Dr. Ham presiding at the organ while Chopin's "Funeral March," the Dead March in "Saul," and "Peace, Perfect Peace," were rendered. The pallbearers were Messrs. Aemilius Irving, K.C., S. H. Blake, K.C., J. W. G. Whitney, A. M. Jarvis, John Hagarty, A. W. Grasett, Allan Cassels and Captain Killaly Gamble. The surviving children of the deceased are Mr. F. C. Gamble, C.E., Victoria, B.C.; Mr. Alleyne W. Gamble, broker, Toronto; Mr. Harry D. Gamble, barrister, Toronto; Mr. Arthur Gordon Gamble, Nelson, B.C.; Miss Sarah Gamble, Mrs. Elizabeth S. Bowker, residing in England, and Mrs. Harriett Emily Hellmuth, Toronto. The eldest son, John Henry, died on service in the Second Afghan War, and another son, Raynald D'Arcy, was general manager of the Dominion Bank at the time of his death, a couple of years since.

Professor E. Masson of Victoria University has resumed his classes in French. Telephone, North 1648.

Indiana's Big Divorce Crop.

THERE was one divorce for every seven marriages in Indiana in the year ending June 30, 1902. The figures are 26,914 marriages and 3,552 divorces. The proportion of divorces to marriages in that State seems to average about 13 per cent. Although in 1899 it ran up to 15.9 and in 1900 to 16.2 per cent., the increase of divorces in these two years has not been explained. It is generally believed that the ratio of divorces to marriages in Indiana is higher than in many other States. This is attributed, first, to the liberality of the divorce laws, and, second, to their liberal administration by the courts. In practice there have been added to the legal grounds incompatibility of temper, disagreements over children or property, differences in religion, jealousy, whether well founded or not, and many other causes. There seems to be an idea that when two persons cannot get along it is better for the law to take them to their relief. Cases come up every day in the courts which illustrate the laxity with which the divorce laws are administered. One notable case was that in which the complaint filed by the wife charged cruel treatment, a statutory ground. The proof showed that the husband was a reasonably good provider for his family, that he treated his wife well, but that he acted on the theory that it was cheaper to move than to pay rent. He would move into a house, pay one month's rent, and then put off the landlord month after month till ejectment proceedings were instituted. He would then move into another house and go through the same programme, till forced to move again. The wife testified that she had moved thirty times in her ten years of married life. The court construed this as cruel treatment, and the divorce was granted. The wife of a laboring man got a divorce a short time ago on a similar charge of cruel treatment, when the proof showed that his greatest offence, if not the only one, was in persisting in sleeping in his socks, winter and summer.

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Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

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A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

The Pretended Science of Astrology.

"THE splendid imposture of Judicial Astrology"—to use Scott's phrase—seems to be again rearing its head, and another magazine devoted to it has just been added to those already published in London. No doubt its readers will be drawn exclusively from the large class of persons who, either from superstition and ignorance on the one hand, or from mysticism on the other, habitually give their belief without waiting for their reason to be convinced. Yet there is not at first sight any inherent absurdity in the theory that lies at the base of all astrology—the doctrine. If we assume—and the facts are so far entirely in favor of the assumption—that the constitutions and temperaments of individuals differ from one another in particulars for which heredity is an insufficient explanation, it is consistent with all that we know of the universe that these variations occur in some regular and predetermined order. That this order can have anything to do with the stars may, indeed, appear a fantastic imagining; but when we consider that the movements of the heavenly bodies have always formed and probably will always form man's chief measure of time, a connection is seen that was not at first apparent. If we look upon the stars as the hands of a gigantic clock and the different varieties of individual constitution as assigned to different moments of cosmic time, we have a perfectly consistent theory of the action of the stars upon the individual. All that would then remain to establish the theory on a scientific basis, would be to note the variations of constitution that correspond to different moments of cosmic time, and to deduce from them the order in which they occur and recur. As we shall presently see, this is a process that has never been followed by any devotee of the so-called science of astrology.

The means adopted by astrologers for ascertaining the relative positions of the heavenly bodies at the birth of the individual—which in their jargon is called casting a horoscope—are extremely simple. The Zodiac or apparent path traced by the sun in his yearly course through certain constellations is its basis, and their first care is to note the particular part of the Zodiac which appears on the

horizon at the moment of birth. The Zodiac is then divided into twelve parts called "houses," and the places of the "planets," including in this phrase the sun and moon, with reference to the Zodiac are next ascertained and inserted in their respective houses. When this is complete, the astrologer has a tolerably correct diagram of the heavens as they would appear at the birth to a person standing upon the earth at the particular spot where the birth takes place. This geocentric way of looking at things is to be accounted for by the fact that when men first began to cast horoscopes, they imagined the earth to be the center of the universe, but viewing the whole process as a means of fixing a given moment of cosmic time, it is at least as good as any other. The places of the stars and planets were before the rise of Greek astronomy ascertained by actual inspection of the sky, but can now be determined to the fraction of a second by spherical trigonometry. But there is no occasion for the astrologer to be even acquainted with this. Thanks to the ephemerides, or almanacs giving the daily places of the heavenly bodies, issued for the use of navigators, and the invention of logarithms, all the data required for casting a horoscope can be acquired by anyone acquainted with the elementary rules of arithmetic. It would, therefore, cost nothing but a little patience for anyone to form a corpus or collection of horoscopes of individuals the time of whose birth can be accurately ascertained, and from them to deduce the canon of any correspondence that might appear between the configuration of the heavenly bodies and the accidents of their lives.

It is not, however, in this way that the pretended science of astrology is constituted. When the horoscope is cast, it has to be judged or interpreted—or in other words, the bodily form, mental peculiarities, and the leading events likely to happen to the "native," or person for whom it is cast have to be predicted from its appearance. But the rules by which this prediction is made are derived not from any systematic collection and observation of facts, but from tradition, and this tradition can be traced in essential points to one source. With the single exception of predictions arising out of the movements of the planets Uranus and Neptune, which were undiscovered three centuries ago, this one source is the Tetrabiblos of Ptolemy, a work which cannot, on any hypothesis, be assigned to an earlier date than 140 A.D. It is from this work that we learn that the planets Mars and Saturn have a "hostile" or malefic influence, Jupiter and Venus a friendly or benefic, and the other planets a varying influence upon the fortunes of the native. From the same source we hear that the "aspect" or figure formed by these planets with each other and with the earth is sometimes good and sometimes evil, the "trine" or angle of 120 degrees and the "sextile" or angle of 60 degrees being favorable, and the "square" or angle of 90 degrees and its double the opposition being unfavorable; and further, that the houses or divisions of the Zodiac in which they are found have each their significance. Thus, it is said that the first house or "ascendant" is connected with the nature, life and health of the native, the second house, that next to rise, with his fortune, the third with his relations, and so on. As to the new planets Uranus and Neptune, they are, apparently, kept in reserve as a kind of "bisque" or extra stroke to be taken when the unfortunate astrologer might otherwise find his predictions falsified by the facts, it having from the first been decided by the practitioners of the science that the influence of Uranus was spasmodic and violent, while that of Neptune is said to be, on the whole, fortunate. On these few simple rules, all astrological predictions are based.

When we are thus referred to a single source for all the rules of a so-called science, it behoves us to examine this source carefully, and it is here that the word imposture can be most justly used with reference to astrology. For the evidence that would connect the name of Ptolemy with the rules above sketched is such as would not satisfy the most conservative of critics. There was, indeed, a Claudius Ptolemy who flourished in Alexandria about the middle of the second century, and who has left us works on geography and astronomy which are for all time magnificent contributions to science. His Syntaxis or Almagest—to call it by its Arabic name—gives us, although founded on a misconception of the planet's orbits, a perfectly trustworthy system of measuring the heavens and formed upon its first appearance the basis of the science of navigation. But throughout this magnificent work there is no word or hint of astrology, nor is there any reason to suppose that the author is responsible for the farago of rubbish known as the Tetrabiblos. Neither have we any contemporary MSS. of the astrological treatise which masquerades under the name of the great astronomer. The mediaeval copies from which modern astrologers have derived their tradition are confessedly a paraphrase of the original treatise attributed, on I know not what grounds, to Proclus the Neoplatonist, who lived three centuries later than Ptolemy; while the only MS. which does not bear the name of Proclus is so condensed that it is plainly only the epitome of a longer one. And when we look at the text of either the paraphrase or the epitome, we see that it is impossible that their original author could have written by anyone with any astronomical knowledge at all. The writer, after referring at great length to the traditions of the Egyptian and the Chaldean astrologers, whose doctrines, as we know from Sextus Empiricus, differed in many material points, casts aside any attempt to ascertain accurately the state of the heavens at birth, and advocates instead a mode of ascertaining the zodiacal degree on the horizon, which is about as rational as leaving it to be decided by the tossing up of a halpenny. And in his attribution of certain influences to the different planets, aspects and houses, it is plain that he is guided not by observation, but by mystical motives which have no foundation in reason, whatever. His view of the influence of the planets is dictated by the supposed characteristics of the heathen gods whose names they bear, while the supposed virtues and vices of the aspects are derived from a mystical theory of numbers which attributes good qualities to the odd and evil to the even ones. Any unprejudiced person who will take the trouble to look at the works of James Wilson, perhaps the only modern writer on astrology who has permitted himself to speak frankly on the matter, will agree with him that the system of the

Tetrabiblos is "evidently a system of Divination in which no real operation of Nature is included, except in a figurative sense."—F. Legree in the "Academy."



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. 3. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 4. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 5. Please address correspondence Columnar. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Henrico.—I am so sorry not to be able to do as you wish. It would take too much time to say that. And where should I steal four days, this busy time? Thank you greatly for your kindness to a person you say you "know quite well," by means of this column. Adieu, then! Henrico, my fine man, you don't know me one bit. But just to show you that I am grateful—(it's my best virtue)—I shall send you in a week or so a complete study of your wondrous writing. A graphologist adores a study like yours! "Snow Bird."—You don't come under a "planet," my dear, but under a constellation, one of the signs of the Zodiac. Jupiter is, however, your planet. On the twenty-third of December you were just on the cusp, just between Sagittarius and Capricorn, the Archer and the Goat—a warm corner. I'm thinking. The fifteenth of December, on the contrary, would bring you the full influence of Sagittarius, a fire sign; should have high aims, a great deal of inspiration, and a discreet and self-respecting nature. It is a sign, to you to mind your own business and let other folk mind theirs. You should be neat, orderly and careful of detail. Should also have dived into the children and animals. You are most of these things in your writing. I see clearly. Please don't call yourself an old maid; I didn't at your age. Don't be too pronounced in expression of opinion, and remember that a sugared pill goes down easier than a plain one. Don't excite yourself over little matters, and try not to nurse a grievance. Remember the advice, "Festina lente," and spare your nerves excessive strain. If you are exceedingly active, don't gird at less energetic ones. Activity is a Sagittarius trait, not always in other months. You don't look hopeful, cultivate content and philosophy. You may make grateful friends of September people. April, December, February and October people will be most useful to you, I fancy.

Jane.—Whether you will make a successful singer depends largely on yourself. You have the voice, the wit and the self-reliance, and as to the technique, your master must tell you about that. How could I possibly answer such a question? Did you think when you wrote it that your writing is admirably balanced, full of honest, direct purpose, not emotional, but a bit materialistic. The artistic touch is absent. You are exceedingly trustworthy and discreet, and would dislike anything out of the conventional. This is somewhat a January trait; your birthday, Dec. 30, brings you under the January sign, Capricorn, the Goat. You should have much regard for learning and be a great planner and manager. Yours is the most brilliant and the most depressed sign of the Zodiac. You can entertain and charm a company, and at another time be morbidly "blue." The "blues" belong to Capricorn particularly. You regard appearance, and like to be "up with the best," as they say. I don't think you really care much for advice, and it's a truly Capricorn remark: "Please deal gently with me," which you make, for January folk resent frankness in criticism. You are kind-hearted, generous, loyal, and very probably secretive, careful and tasteful, and will, if you give your mind to it, be a first-class housekeeper. Don't be led into imprudence by exhilaration or into despair by dark hours. Look up and away from yourself for happiness.

Nancy.—"I squallied my first squall in the mellow month of September," and have been in squalls ever since," say you. Well, for the credit of my own birth-month, I am glad your date, the twenty-fourth, passes you on to October, where, apparently, you find your proper restless place as a child of Libra, whose scales don't for you hang even yet. Poise is what you must accomplish. As you've just come of age, it's time you got settled in your mind and spirit, my lass. 2. Your writing is full of magnetism, brightness, and temperament. There is force, originality, enterprise, impulse and talent in it. You are persistent and logical, brilliant, and even at times fascinating. No emotion and sentiment confesses itself, rather an independence of its influences. You are not always wise in your utterances, have adaptability and resource. The impression of your writing is of great charm and ample room for wise culture, well worth giving time and thought to. It has no corroboration of justification for your nom de plume, and I misdoit its fitness.

Annie Laurie, Owen Sound.—I've had another of Burns' sweethearts from Oshawa lately, but I hope you did not confuse yourself and her name, as you could be less akin. You are a Gemini; she was a very different month. As you doubtless know, your writing is a particularly difficult one to describe unless the subject under consideration has attained to a high state of spirituality. You are at present in a promising development, but you mistrust others and are, perhaps, uncharitable of yourself, though the good earth sign from which you have barely escaped often influences you to undertake things you really shouldn't. There is talent and courage in your lines, and perhaps some resentment if not crossed with good work and parts. There is certainly self-seeking and desire to accumulate personal honor and profit in those determined back loops of the finale. Some sharpness of judgment, but general sweetness of temper, is shown. Writer is above anything petty or mean. The temperament is above all, not stolid, and the perception remarkably quick and bright. I think you would enjoy a prominent position, and much consideration, but you'd feel embarrassed and careworn in it. It is a strong, interesting and very capable study, with faults as strong as its virtues, and needing thought to conquer. Its writer should not be a nobody in any case.

Pat.—"Tis just the way we looked at them, Pat, my bouchal! I wonder did I make them nicer than you thought they were or did I waste into them with undue vigor? I don't believe that last, or you'd not be writing for a setting out, 'just for fun.' Your writing shows distinct materialism and a generally suspicious but not an ungenerous nature. Your strength is not always in your purpose, which is in fact, unspurred. You are good-natured and generous, but somewhat obtuse. You have some talent, knowledge of practical matters, and, though often careless of detail and appearances, can do fair work.

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MISS ZELIE DE LUSSAN, the most attractive and the best of the leading ladies that ever sang with the old Boston Ideal Opera Company, revisited Toronto on Friday of last week and appeared in recital in the evening at Massey Hall. It may be remembered by the opera-goers of fifteen years ago that the company on those days were fortunate in having Miss Agnes Huntington as their contralto, and that there was much newspaper talk at the time about supposed rivalry between her and De Lussan. After so long an absence from the city, De Lussan was a comparatively stranger to the majority of our musical people, and it was not surprising, therefore, that the recital did not draw a large audience. Miss De Lussan has matured in personal appearance, voice and style since the days when she charmed her audiences here by her portrayal of the title roles in "La Fille du Regiment" and "Carmen." Her voice is still a delightful mezzo and even throughout its compass, although occasionally she produces tones that sound as if produced through the teeth. While her selections were of choice, they were of a popular order, including numbers by Mendelssohn, Massenet, Lane Wilson, Ambrose Thomas, Grieg, Schumann and Bizet. Probably her most taking and effective efforts were in the operatic excerpts, the "Styrienne" from "Mignon" and the "Havenera" from "Carmen." Her piquant rendering of the "Styrienne" reminded one of that other popular American mezzo, Annie Louise Carey, who was seen in "Mignon" just once in Toronto. I fancy that the song had never been heard here since, in concert or opera, until the occasion under notice. The "Havenera" was sung with much significant earnestness, and with a musical fidelity that has been rare among the impersonators of Carmen. Yradier's well-known Spanish song, "La Paloma," was another specially successful number. Lane Wilson's arrangement of the old English "My Lovely Celia," Mendelssohn's "On the Wings of Song," Grieg's "Swan Song," Allsitt's "Love is a Bubble," and Landon Ronald's "Rosy Morn" had each a distinct charm of its own. De Lussan is, however, at her best in the operatic school, with which she has had a long experience in England. The assisting artist was Mr. Alberto Jonas, solo pianist, who made a very favorable impression on his former visit. He has a fluent technique, a touch remarkable for delicacy, and produces a well-governed and musical tone, even in the loudest fortes. His playing of Moszkowski's study, op. 24, No. 1, and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" were brilliant executive achievements. To three Grieg lyrics, including the beautiful "Ich Liebe Dich," he gave poetic expression, with a touch of passion in the love song. A trifle by Delibes, an encore number, was an exquisite and dainty illustration of lightness of touch and style.

Both an instructive and enjoyable song and piano recital was that given in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by Messrs. David Ross and Frank Welsman, two of our most popular artists. Although Mr. Ross was suffering from a cold, I never heard him sing better in point of expression and delivery. He was particularly happy in the Handel aria, "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves," Lang's "Irish Love Song" and Tchaikowski's "Serenade." Mr. Welsman, who was also in good form, gave a thoughtful interpretation of the first movement of the Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata," technically finished and with much variety of nuance and tempo, a brilliant rendering of Lucas "Welsh Rhapsody," and a delicate reproduction of Chopin's "Berceuse." Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments for Mr. Ross with taste and judgment.

Miss Lina D. Adamson announces that her violin recital will be given on January 8. She will probably be assisted by a distinguished pianist of Chicago.

Parkdale Presbyterian Church choir announce a concert for Friday evening next in the Sunday school in Dunn avenue. They will have the assistance of the Conservatory String Quartette, Messrs. Mae Keating and Gertrude Murchison, pianists; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor, and Rev. A. L. Giegge, reader. A choice selection of unaccompanied part songs will be given by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Edmund Hardy.

A special meeting of the Toronto Cleft Club will be held this Saturday evening at McConkey's at 10 o'clock, to meet Dr. Edward Macdowell.

Much credit was reflected upon Mrs. J. W. Bradley by the recital of her vocal pupils at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday of last week. There was a large and critical audience, who manifested much enthusiasm over the achievements of the pupils, whose singing revealed evidence of conscientious instruction. Those taking part were Misses Vera Ogden, Minnie Martin, Mabel Penny, Pauline Oakley, A.T.C.M.; Sara Bradley, Messrs. George Hudson, John L. Young, Maurice Vandewater, R. L. Patterson, Will Hillock, Rupert Weeks. Piano solos were contributed by Miss Mabel Will, pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and Miss Helena G. Mitchell, A.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, also a violin solo by Mr. W. George Rutherford, pupil of Mrs. Drechsler Adamson.

Two very enjoyable concerts were given last week by the School of the Sisters of the Church, 106 Beverley street. The first, on Tuesday, enlisted the services of Grace Church choir, who sang Barri's "Old Brigade" in capital style. Messrs. Klingenberg and Paul Hahn, who co-operated with Mrs. Reynolds at the piano in trios for violin, cello and piano by Haydn and Dvorak, and who also played solos for their respective instruments with their well-known ability, and Miss Williams, who sang three songs very prettily, and who was received with warm applause. At the Thursday concert the feature of the programme was the violin-playing of Miss Olive Sheppard and Miss Kitchen, both talented pupils

of Herr Klingenberg. Miss Sheppard, who is now a brilliant executant in addition to producing a fine singing tone, acquitted herself with distinction in Wieniawski's "Legende" and Sarasate's "Gypsy Dance." In the "Legende," her tone and expression showed to special advantage. Miss Kitchen also won much praise for her skilful and tasteful playing of Svendsen's "Romance" and Wieniawski's "Mazurka." The two young ladies closed the programme with the slow movement from Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins. The pianist was Miss B. Lowe, whose two solos were much applauded. On Wednesday afternoon a children's entertainment was given, at which Mozart's "Toy Symphony" was played, under the direction of Herr Wiegand.

Miss Mabel Penny, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, has been appointed soprano soloist at Queen Street Methodist Church.

From New Westminster, B.C., comes news of the success in concert of Miss Brynner, a pupil of Dr. Ham. The "Daily Columbian" of the 20th ult. says: "The young lady, who made her debut, agreeably surprised the audience. She has a rich, sweet soprano voice, and shows every sign of good training. Both her numbers were deservedly encored."

A new version of an old joke is perpetrated by the "Minerva" of Rome: Composer—Have you read my new opera? Critic—It is an excellent specimen of its kind, and I venture to say that it will be performed when the operas of Mozart, Beethoven and Meyerbeer are forgotten. Composer (delighted)—Do you really think so? Critic—Yes; but not before that.

The vilest musical pun ever made was perhaps when De Wolf Hopper was in London. Several of the English newspapers persisted in referring to his company as the Wolf Hopper Company.

Septimus Winner, who died a few days ago in Philadelphia, aged seventy-five, was the composer of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." The Philadelphia papers state that he received \$35 for this song, while his publishers realized \$3,000,000. Winner wrote countless other pieces and arrangements, but none of them ever won more than passing popularity.

In an article on the "Elocution of Playing" in the Philadelphia "Musician," Mary Hallock makes the following valuable suggestion: "Leschetizky, whose greatness as a teacher depends so much on his dramatic sense in matters musical, makes his pupils realize thoroughly that a pause, no matter how slight, but utterly empty of sound, is as telling in music as when an orator makes use of the same in a peroration; providing, of course, the moment grasped is at a fitting and crucial point of the piece or concerto, and does not distort the time. A whole essay could be written on silence in music, and to how many has it occurred that so soon as the melody has commenced it needn't, parrot-like, assail the ears from beginning to end. The following quotation is most pregnant of thought: 'A hasty delivery is by no means a proof of animation, warmth, fire, passion or emotion in the orator; hence in delivery, as in tone, haste is in inverse ratio to emotion. We do not glide lightly over a beloved subject; a prolongation of tone is the complaisance of love.' Leschetizky has said 'The Campanella' of Liszt is too pretty to be played fast.'"

Mr. Finek, the New York critic, seems constrained to defend his utterances in the recent number of the "Forum" through the medium of the New York "Evening Post." In replying to an attack made in the Chicago "Evening Post" he says he did not maintain in the "Forum" article that symphonies and sonatas would no longer be played, but only that they would not be written any more, because composers would prefer symphonic poems, overtures, and other short and free forms. He does not explain, however, his sneer at "the artificial and incoherent sonatas of Beethoven," to which I referred in the last issue of these days, because the modern composer is lacking in invention and inspiration, and often falls back upon richness of color and dynamic din and contrast to compensate for poverty of ideas.

The evening of sacred song given by the choir, under the direction of Dr. T. Alexander Davies, in St. James' Square Church on Thursday evening of last week proved an enjoyable event. The choir sang six anthems in excellent style and showed careful training, especially in precision of attack and interpretation. Two new anthems that demanded particular interest were "A Call to the Reapers," by Mrs. E. L. Ashford, an American composer whose works are rapidly coming into public favor, and "Rejoice in the Lord," a clever and attractive Christmas anthem by Alfred Hollins, the blind organist of St. George's, Edinburgh. The greater part of the solo work was taken by Mrs. R. L. Johnston (Louisa Craig), whose engaging soprano voice was heard to advantage in a delicate number by Pissini, "I Will Give You Rest." Mrs. W. M. Douglas gave an effective interpretation to the contralto recitative and aria, "The Lord is Risen" and "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears," by Sullivan. Dudley Buck's "Fear Not Ye, O Israel," was sung by Miss E. Y. Spriggs, a young soprano with a voice of much promise. Miss Florence Fisher sang in good form "King David's Lament," and Mr. Charles E. Clarke was heard to good effect in "Judge Me, O God," D. Buck. The duet, "My Jesus as Thou Wilt," by Hecker, by Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Clarke, was most enjoyable. Two difficult organ numbers, "Cantabile," Wheelton, and "Grand Choeur," Hollins, were ably played by Miss Edith McIndoo. The church quartette gave an effective rendering of William Reed's "Abide With Me." Great credit is due Dr. Davies, not only for the successful "evening" but also for his organ numbers and tasteful accompaniments.

Mr. Chrystal Brown has been engaged to sing the tenor role in the production

of Handel's "Messiah" at London on Thursday, December 18.

During this fall two classes for teachers' kindergarten music have been formed at the Toronto College of Music, and the next class will open in January. These classes, as well as children's classes, are under the direction of Miss Hulda Westman, whose method is the only one used in the Toronto College of Music (Limited), and is highly recommended by Dr. Torrington.

The piano recital to be given by Miss Abbie May Helmer, a brilliant pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth, in Association Hall, will be attended by many of Toronto's most musical and cultured people, according to the list of prominent lady patronesses interested in it. Miss Helmer's programme will contain many beautiful numbers, including Chopin's great B flat minor Sonata and Liszt's "Benediction of God in Solitude." Tickets can be reserved at Bain's, 96 Yonge street, on and after December 6.

Subscribers who desire to be included in the first ballot for choice of seats in connection with the concert to be given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall on the evenings of February 11 and 12 next are reminded that the lists are called in on the 16th of the present month. Subscriptions, which may be received after the date named, will be entitled to a place in the second ballot after the first list of subscribers has been provided for. Lists are in the hands of members of the choir, and are also to be found at the Nordheimer Music Company and Whaley & Royce's. From present indications there is every prospect that the large hall will be completely sold out for both concerts, as subscriptions are being received daily in very large numbers from all parts of the city and province. The Pittsburgh orchestra, under Mr. Victor Herbert's direction, will assist at both concerts. Eminent solo talent will also be engaged, including a solo violinist and a solo tenor. Fully three-quarters of the subscribers are subscribing for both concerts, an indication of the strong hold the society has gained, on its merits, on the musical public. Subscribers for both concerts who subscribe for at least two \$1.50 tickets for each concert will be entitled to purchase the same for \$1.25 each.

Miss May Gallagher sang at the concert in the Temple Hall on Tuesday night. Her clear soprano voice and unaffected style made a very favorable impression. Her phrasing and expression are attractive.

The second quartette concert of the series will be given on Thursday evening next by the Conservatory String Quartette. Concerted works to be given are Schubert's D minor quartette, Beethoven's Serenade trio for strings, op. 8, and part of the Schumann quintette. The soloists will be Miss Lena Hayes, violinist, and Mr. Edmund Hardy, pianist. The programme, as outlined, promises to be one of the most interesting of the quartette has given.

At a recital given by members of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music, in the hall of the institution on Wednesday evening of last week, the following interesting programme was performed: Piano, Liszt's Cantique d'Amour and Henselt's Etude, F sharp, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham; cello, Poppo's Gavotte, Mr. H. S. Saunders; piano, Grieg's "Humoresken," Nos. 3 and 4, and Liszt's "Waldesrauschen," Miss Madeline Schiff; vocal, Ellen Wright's "The Parting Hour," and Nevin's "An Old Song," Miss Annie Hall; worth; piano, Chopin's Valse, E minor, Nocturne, G major, and Godard's "En Route," Miss Bessie Cowan; vocal, Oley Speaks' "Little One A-Crying," and Massenet's "Open Thou, My Love, Thy Blue Eyes," Miss Dora McMurtry; piano, Nevin's "Love Song," and Moszkowski's Valse, E major, Miss Mabel O'Brien; violin and piano, Grieg's Sonata, op. 8, Miss Lena M. Hayes and Mr. Napier Durand. The piano numbers, which were in the majority, served to show that this department includes brilliant players, who are well equipped also in the artistic qualities necessary for the effective interpretation of the best works. Mr. Saunders' cello-playing was characterized by his usual finished style, and the vocal staff was ably represented by Miss Annie Hallworth and Miss Dora McMurtry. The closing number, Grieg's duo Sonata, was given a careful and interesting reading by Mr. Durand and Miss Lena M. Hayes. Miss Jessie C. Perry and Mr. Edmund Hardy were the accompanists of the evening. CHERUBINO.

Mascagni's Return.

EVERYONE will be delighted to hear that Signor Pietro Mascagni, having safely breasted the troubles caused by the financial failure of his American managers, has begun another tour under new auspices with all his original musical forces which he brought from Italy, including his symphonic orchestra of 60, his chorus and principals, numbering in all over 100, and will give at Massey Music Hall on Wednesday next, December 10, a grand operatic programme, which will include his new music written for "The Eternal City," his "Description of London" from his opera "Ritellio," "The Hymn to the Sun" from "Iris," and the whole of "Cavalleria Rusticana." His singers are the best Italy can produce—artists in the fullest sense of the word. Elena Bianchi Cappelli, one of the number, is a dramatic soprano, who perfectly combines pure tone production with vocal and physical interpretation of the text and situation. Her Santuzza is a revelation in tonal beauty and histrionic force. Pietro Schiavazzi, one of the leading tenors, is held in the highest esteem by his musical compatriots. He is a protégé of Mascagni, and in some quarters is held to give better promise of being the successor of Tozzogno than any other man in Italy. Canadians of the present generation do not know what a great Italian basso is. One of the high class has not visited these shores in a decade. Francesco Nevarrini, one of those secured by Mascagni, will be a revelation. He has a resonant, deep voice of unusual flexibility and mellowness. Virgilio Bellatti, the leading baritone, will compare with any who ever came to America.

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Mrs. Nordheimer's dance for young people, which marked the debut of her beautiful daughter, Miss Estelle, was all that is charming and smart. Glenedyth, sitting lordly among its groves on the hill, was ablaze with light, and the lovely ballroom, with its many wax lights and perfect floor, the cosy sitting-out nooks, for which Glenedyth is famous, and the infinite tact and "savoir faire" of the hostess, unrivaled in Toronto, combined to give the young debutante and her friends a perfect evening. Guests from England, Nassau and Ottawa, who are visiting friends here, tasted the hospitality of Glenedyth and found it good.

One of the jolliest and best arranged "crushes" of a season replete with good things was Mrs. Mulock's tea at McConkey's last Saturday. It seemed as if no one could have denied themselves the pleasure of the hour among congenial friends, enhanced by everything which thought and care on the part of the young host and hostess could devise, for the world and his wife were at the tea about half-past five. The street traffic was almost impeded by the lines of smart broughams and stately carriages which awaited the tardy exit of the men and women who lingered for "just another five minutes." Within the scene was of the brightest, and Mrs. Mulock may lay the flattering unction on as freely as she pleases, for certainly no hostess ever had more nice things said of her. Two tea-tables, one in the Rose room and one in the cafe, relieved the pressure, and each was a center of a circle of happy and well-gowned women and plenty of men to wait upon them. Music added to the elation of this tea, and extra good it was, the selections being quite the latest popular ones. Mrs. Mulock wore a sparkling shimmering gown of black, paillette in jet and silver, with a sheaf of American Beauties on her arm. Needless to say, she was a pretty picture as she stood in the quaint Turkish room welcoming her guests, Mr. Mulock seconding her gracious greeting in his own hearty way. Among the charming assistants in the tea-rooms were the Misses Falconbridge, Amy Laing, Florence McArthur, Helen Douglas, Annie Michie, Beatrice Cawthra, Bessie Bethune, Mollie Waldie, Deda Gillespie and Buchanan. Lady Mulock was also keeping a kindly eye on the guests, that none should lack attention, and her daughters, Mrs. McDowall Thomson and Mrs. A. E. Kirkpatrick, with a very intimate friend of the hostess, Mrs. Magann, were able aides. In the Rose room white 'mums were artistically arranged on the buffet, and Golden Wedding 'mums brightened the tea-table in the cafe. Space is quite inadequate to enumerate the guests.

Mrs. R. A. Pyne's tea on Tuesday to introduce Miss Mona to her friends was a most pleasant and interesting function. Mrs. Fred McQueen of Woodstock came down to take part in her niece's debut, and received with the mother and daughter. Mrs. Pyne wore a dainty, quiet gown of pale fawn voile, with lace. Mr. McQueen was in turquoise crepe, with touches of lace, and Miss Pyne in the very pretty white frock which she wears in the picture she has kindly allowed me to reproduce. Miss Panquier, in a pretty Dresden mousseline frock; Miss Gussie Gillies, in a quaint pale blue gown, trimmed with white applique, and black picture hat; the Misses Michie of Carlton street, in pink and pale blue gowns, and Miss Howarth, in white voile, assisted at the buffet, which was brightly decorated with pink ribbons and 'mums and lighted with green-shaded candles. Miss Mona was one of the belles at the big ball on Monday evening, and looked very pretty also at the Rugby dance on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Heaven's dance last evening had been anticipated by a large contingent, and much pleasure was to be its offering. As it took place too late for any description this week, I am only able to note that Mrs. Heaven was assisted in receiving by the Misses Heaven and their lovely sister, Mrs. Morang, Miss Wallbridge, Miss Gertrude Brock and the Misses Parrish and Muriel Heaven of Oakville. Guests accepted from several adjacent cities and towns, and the Misses Applebe, Mr. Applebe, Miss Bristol, Mr. Langton and Mrs. Allan Chisholm of Oakville, and Messrs. Alfred Lewis, George Chisholm and Spann of Buffalo, are in town for the event.

Mrs. Franklin Dawson yesterday asked some friends informally to tea to meet charming "Lady Holyrood," Miss Grace Dudley and Miss Hunter of the "Flordora" company, who are friends and guests of Mrs. Dawson during their stay in town.

Mrs. Law has returned from a visit of some weeks to her sister, Mrs. Watson, in Hamilton. Miss Helen Law is going up to attend the Golf Ball next week, an event which promises to be very smart.

Mrs. King, (nee Barnes), leaves today on a visit of some weeks to her mother, Mrs. Barnes of Carriick Lodge, Hamilton.

Mrs. Charles Sheard will receive after New Year's on the second, third and fourth Mondays, at 314 Jarvis street.

The Dental College At Home and Knox College At Home are set for next Friday evening. The former event is to be held in the Temple ballroom.

Toronto Commercial Travelers.

The usual serenity in election matters in this body of men is apparently absent this season. A lively contest is expected on the burning question of "third term for the presiding officer." Mr. M. C. Ellis, the occupant of the chair, is being opposed by Mr. H. Bedlington. For the position of first vice-president Mr. S. M. Sterling is running in opposition to Mr. T. McQuillan. Travelers have a habit of being very much in earnest in these matters, and no doubt excitement will be worked up to a high pitch before election day, December 28.

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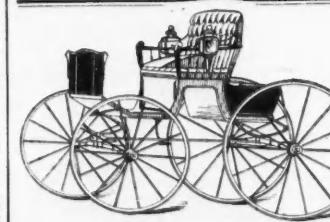
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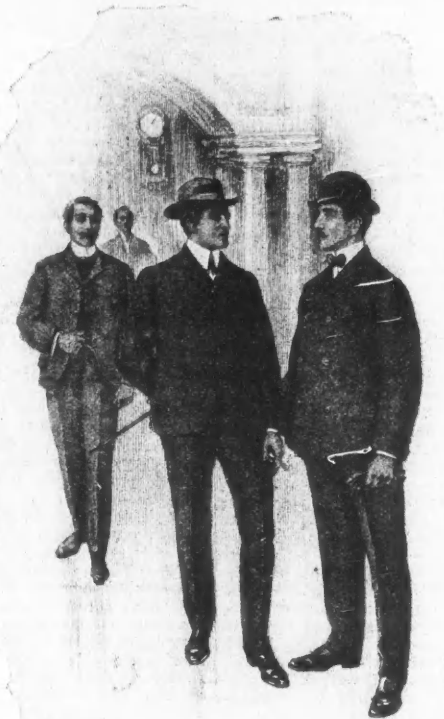
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Carey—Nov. 29, Kingston, Mrs. Carey, a son.
Higgins—Dec. 1, Toronto, Mrs. Thos. M. Higgins, a son.
Porter—Nov. 29, Toronto, Mrs. J. Seymour Porter, a son.
Church—Nov. 25, Toronto, Mrs. H. W. Church, a daughter.
Urquhart—Nov. 28, Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Urquhart, a daughter.

Marriages.

Manning—Turner—Nov. 24, Toronto, Alfred E. Manning to Margaret Ann Turner.
Carey—Linton—Nov. 25, New York, Albert Brock Carey to Florence Howard Linton.
MacCallum—Pollard—Nov. 25, Toronto, John MacCallum to Frances J. Pollard.
Jacks—Neid—Nov. 25, Toronto, Ernest A. Jacks to Edith Neid.
Glover—Prentice—Nov. 20, Worcester, Mass., Rev. Robert H. Glover, M.D., to Caroline Robbins Prentice.

Deaths.

McLennan—Nov. 27, Parkdale, Roderick McLennan.
Bennett—Nov. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Conrie Bennett.
Switzer—Nov. 30, Toronto, Mrs. Frederick D. Switzer, aged 21 years.
Huntley—Dec. 4, Toronto, Mary Jane Huntley, aged 33 years.
Thomson—Nov. 30, Toronto, Gerrie Thomson, aged 15 years.
Montgomery—Nov. 23, New York, James A. Montgomery.
Sherbourne—Nov. 30, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherbourne, aged 68 years.
Urquhart—Nov. 23, Toronto, Isabel Urquhart, aged 1 day.
McNabb—Nov. 19, Winnipeg, Alexander McNabb.
Simpson—Dec. 3, Bowmanville, Mrs. Theo. C. Simpson, aged 37 years.

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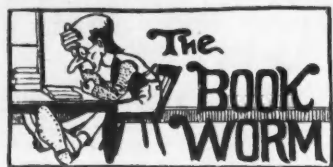
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JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S new collection of verse, "The Book of Joyous Children" (Copp, Clark), will hardly take a place alongside of some of the Hoosier poet's former efforts. It is, nevertheless, an interesting and clever contribution to dialect and children's poetry, and if Mr. Riley has been unable to duplicate such gems as "Little Orphan Annie," "Raggedy Man," or "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry!" yet he has produced a number of quaint and characteristic pieces which justify the existence of the new book. Some of his later work bears unmistakable evidence of exhaustion or inattention (let us hope the latter), and "The Book of Joyous Children" would not have been less joyous and might have been more stimulating to Mr. Riley's reputation had perhaps a third of its contents been wholly omitted. The wealth of artistic illustration by J. W. Vawter, while making the book exceedingly attractive, cannot take the place of merit in the text it embellishes. James Whitcomb Riley knows children as no writer of verse since Robert Louis Stevenson (not excepting Eugene Field) has known them, and it is to be regretted that he has ceased to bestow on the details of his pictures of child character that exquisite and constant care which marks all the work of Stevenson and the most successful things he himself has accomplished. Mr. Riley has the twin gifts of humor and pathos. These cover a multitude of faults. They come out strongly in the poem, "A Christmas Memory," one of the best in the book. What, for instance, could be more humorous or pathetic, and at the same time more characteristic of the child mind, than the explanation of the relationship between his aunt and his mother given by the little boy who has been taken to visit his aunt, because, though he does not yet know it, his mother has died:

This here house o' Anty's wher
They 'uz borned—my Ma an' her!—
An' her Ma 'uz my Ma's Ma,
An' her Pa 'uz my Pa's Pa—
Ain't that funny?—An' they're dead:
An' this here's 'th' ole Homestead!—
An' my Anty said, an' cried,
It's mine, too, ef my Ma died—
Don't know what she meant—'cause my
Ma she's nerver go' to die!

Sometimes there is the humor without the pathos, as in "Company Manners":

When Bess gave her dollies a tea, said she:
"It's unpolite, when they's Company,
To say you've dranked two cups, you see—
But say you've dranked a couple of tea."

Sometimes there is straight pathos, as in the story of the Penitentiary-bird's bairns:

Pa alluz liked Sis best of all
'Tis Children—'Spect it's 'cause she fall
When she 'uz ist a child, one day,
An' make her back look thataway.

Pa—'fore he be a burglar—he's
A locksmiff, an' maked locks, an' keys,
An' knobs you pull fer bells to ring,
An' he could ist make anything!

'Cause our Ma say he can!—An' this
Here little pair o' crutches Sis
Skips round on—Pa maked them—yes
sir!—
An' silfur-plate-name here fer her!

But generally the tears and smiles are pretty much intermingled in Riley's verse, and it is to this that it owes its effectiveness and popularity even where the poet has done work that to the critical eye is slipshod. On the whole, "The Book of Joyous Children" will be likely to make friends amongst the little ones. Its publication is timely for the holiday trade.

A delightful bit of nonsense, quite on a par with Kipling's "Just So Stories," and equally readable by both old and young, is "Gulliver's Bird Book" by Lemuel Gulliver (assisted by L. J. Bridgman). In these pages the adventures of the philosophical explorer of Lilliput and Brobdingnag are continued in a new field, and the results, as set down in a very matter-of-fact manner, are both funny and sensational, while Mr. Bridgman's colored drawings appeal to one as triumphs of genial absurdity. The immortal records of Baron Munchausen are put quite in the shade, both as to text and illustration, by the wonderful bird stories of our resuscitated friend, old "Lem" Gulliver. The Tickle Gull, the Gulliver bird, the Bouncing Ballazoon, the Flying Lobster, the Legless Bumpety, the Clockwork bird, the Corkfoot duck and the Soda-fountain are a few of the species that figure in this altogether remarkable narrative. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, are the publishers. (Toronto: Copp, Clark.)

A book that groups itself with Riley's child-poems and Gulliver's bird stories is Professor Amos R. Wells' "Rellicking Rhymes for Youngsters," illustrated by L. J. Bridgman, whose humorous drawings add so much to the Gulliver yarns. Professor Wells' verses are very different in motive and style from James Whitcomb Riley's. The latter, whatever their faults may be, strike one as spontaneous revelations of childish personality. Professor Wells' verses, on the other hand, are obviously the work of a mature mind consciously descending to the intellectual level of children. Hence they are didactic in tone. Sage counsel and moral precept rather obtrusively present themselves as the motif of these poems, rather than mere entertainment as in Riley's creations. As a matter of fact, the "Rellicking Rhymes for Youngsters" are not very rellicking, nor is it likely that many youngsters will appreciate them except those who are approaching very near to adult years and understanding. Professor Wells is seldom really humorous, but he exercises a riotous fancy and a prolific gift of words that prove engaging to the reader. The pictures by Bridgman supply an element of humor not too abundant in the poems themselves. To many parents the book will doubtless seem to be a timely and edifying production, suitable as a Christmas gift book to children who have outgrown the taste for ogres and hobgoblins. The

Fleming H. Revell Company are the publishers.

An English M.P., Mr. J. H. Yoxall, has written his first novel, under the title of "The Romany Stone," which is published in Longman's Colonial Library by the Copp, Clark Company. The book is one of the successes of the season in England, and has already entered a second edition. Mr. Yoxall out-Scotts Scott in the number of quotations with which he introduces his chapters, but aside from this tedious and nonsensical habit his methods are unconventional and effective. The story takes us back to the year 1801, and its action is compressed into three days. Matt Scargil, a Derbyshire yeoman, has been jilted by a young lady in favor of a gypsy chieftain, over whom the shadow of the noose has fallen. Scargil seeks the young woman, and the adventures he encounters in the quest make the story. Matt Scargil reminds one a good deal of John Ridd, but "The Romany Stone" will hardly rival "Lorna Doone" in popularity: its dialect is too barbarous and difficult. Of course the gypsy chief is at last eliminated, and Matt Scargil marries the errant heroine, Dahlia. One of the characters in the story is a Yankee from Delaware, who, like all Yankees in English books, is unrecognizable by those who are familiar with the Simon-pure species.

A new and beautiful edition of "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, called the James K. Hackett edition, is now available, having just been issued by the publishers, the Macmillan Company, London and New York, and the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. "The Crisis" has, of course, been reviewed already in "Saturday Night," but this new issue of a famous book merits a strong recommendation to book-lovers both on account of the interest attaching to the story itself and the excellence and novelty of the present edition. The book is much handsomer in every respect than in its original form. The text of the story is, of course, unaltered. But the illustrations, a score in number, are photographic reproductions of actual scenes in the play. There is a beautiful frontispiece portrait of Mr. Hackett, who, by the way, is Canadian-born and had some of his earlier successes in this country, as one learns from the interesting sketch of his career which serves as an introduction to the volume.

Out of gay Paris, with its complex and yet superficial life, comes the surpassing prophet of simplicity, Charles Wagner. As well look for still deep waters in a boisterous mountain stream. Yet here is a man and a message with a force that receives emphasis from contrast with the environment which begot both. "The Simple Life" (Toronto: William Briggs, \$1) is a volume of essays which in some degree represents the philosophy of the author, who, an Abolitionist by birth, by education a Lutheran clergyman, is now a leading Protestant preacher and writer in his adopted home, Paris. His audiences in a fashionable boulevard are not of any class, but of serious minds from all classes, who perceive the need of reviving modern life by adding to it the zest of spirituality. In brief, he says what we know too well, that modern life is nervous, restless, wasteful, and void of true pleasure; it is absorbed too much with the future to enjoy the present, and, moreover, it is full of bad taste, ignorance, arrogance, and a passion for being seen. Life has become a feverish dream instead of a sane, waking reality. Individual life is misdirected through a multiplying of misallied interests; selfishness in the pursuit of wealth and pleasure, first robbing the individual, injures the family, and then finally weakens the state. The preacher (how like here to a Voice in the Wilderness) calls a halt, proclaims the need of self-examination of our purposes in life, and an attempt at reconstruction through simpler, saner and more permanent ideals. To lead a simple life, he says, is to fulfill the highest human destiny. Not a life shorn of beauty and filled, or emptied rather, by asceticism; but a life whose reduced friction and changed currents shall be one of power leading on to happiness. Where are the contented middle classes? he asks. They do not exist. Every unit in this sum of society would be a tenth, every tenth would be a hundredth, the clerk aping the independent merchant, and the banker striving to be the millionaire. In this condition of dissatisfied strenuousness real life is impossible. The simple in art is the expression of the highest genius; the simple life is the greatest life. Simplicity is a state of mind. "True life is the realization of the higher virtues—justice, love, truth, liberty, moral power—in our daily activities." Quality, not quantity, must be the

measure. Beginning with the simplicity that should exist in thought, in a series of chapters ringing with winning earnestness he shows us what simplicity in speech, in our conception of duty, of our needs, our pleasures, will do for the soul. The mercenary spirit, that blasting withering curse falling upon all alike, the love of notoriety and ignoble ends, are painted so that no devotee with a spark of conscience left can quite enjoy the portrayal. Of our intercourse in the world, of the life of the home, of the ends of true education he speaks in illuminating paragraphs, which in their climax seldom fail to rise in a tender eloquence. The author is a practical, spiritual humanitarian. All these lofty self-ideals are not for self, but society. Let us live better lives, he urges, that the world may be better. It is inspiring. Of his earnest voice, speaking to little lives and low passions, would that it could be said:

"He called across the tumult, and the tumult fell."
But it will not be. Yet he will add splendor to some lives who in quietness shall drink in his healing draught. The author's style, in an admirable translation, befitting the subject, is clear and simple, and the outward dress of this spiritual Book Beautiful cannot but please the author and the appreciative reader.

"The Little Green God," by Caroline Atwater Mason (The Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto), in addition to being a strong and fascinating story, is a protest against the so-called "eclecticism" now fashionable in religious thought in America. More particularly it is a trumpet blast of warning against the insidious invasion of Christendom by the propagandists of Hinduism—an invasion that commenced with the teachings of Blavatsky, assumed a yet more insidious form in the Parliament of Religions held in connection with the Chicago World's Fair, and at length boldly proclaimed its character and purpose in the work of the Swami Vivekananda and other "missionaries from the Orient," working quietly but effectively in America since 1895. That there is the taint of a moral leprosy in the occultism which these teachers are seeking to infuse into Western thought, few who read this book will make bold to deny. That the contagion finds a favorable soil in the very midst of the Christian world, owing to the prevailing lack of genuine conviction and purpose in the churches, is the point which the author of "The Little Green God" seeks to score. In her story she brings back to America, after many years of absence, a missionary who has been fighting the beasts of paganism in India and knows the teachings of Hinduism both theoretically and by their fruits. He finds that, in the interval, these very teachings have been diffused to an alarming extent in the countries from which men and treasure have been poured out to convert the heathen. He finds the church itself infected. He finds the charlatans of Oriental occultism received and welcomed by "Christian people," more particularly in the fashionable world. And greatly is he astonished and grieved thereat. The situation is striking and dramatic, and the author has made the most of it and given us a story that is at the same time sensational and wholly natural.

Two books by that popular but always refined writer, Margaret E. Sangster, which will unquestionably have a large sale during the holiday season are "Winsome Womanhood" and "Janet Ward, a College Girl's Story." "Winsome Womanhood" is a series of familiar talks on problems that present themselves in a special manner to women. These talks fall into three divisions, which the author has designated as Daybreak, High Noon and Eventide, and which correspond respectively to girlhood, wife and motherhood, and old age. Mrs. Sangster does not pretend to give formulas universal in their application, nor to set up an imaginary average woman whom she can dissect and put together again. But her views on women's problems are, as far as a mere man may judge, sane and practical, while the value of the essays is in their suggestiveness and in their distinct religious appeal, rather than in any positive dicta laid down. As the "Interior" has said, "Winsome Womanhood" is an exquisite book, written in the sweetest spirit, out of the ripest wisdom and the tenderest love. "Janet Ward," the other of Mrs. Sangster's new publications, is her first venture in the realm of the novelist. College life, work among the mountain whites of Tennessee and college settlement work in New York give variety to the scenes. The story is characterized by that exalted seriousness of purpose, combined with geniality, poetic

fancy, delicate discernment and infallible good taste, which is characteristic of all Mrs. Sangster's past work, whether as editor, poet or essayist.

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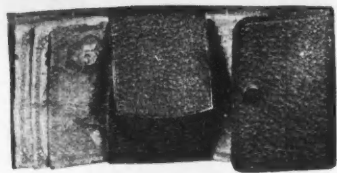


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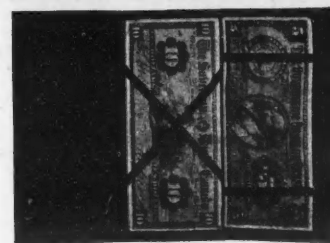
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The paper used in this Catalogue is specially made to bring out extra well our fine engravings of TRUNKS, BAGS, SUIT-CASES and FANCY LEATHER GOODS. The mail order buyer can make a selection almost as well as if the goods were shown.

We only illustrate and show a few lines that are illustrated in our Catalogue. Send for it and you will find every article fully described.

WE PREPAY EXPRESS charges anywhere between Montreal and Fort William, and will allow these charges to points farther East or West.

WE WILL PAY POSTAGE ON ANY SMALL ARTICLE TO ANY PART OF CANADA.



Deep Club Bags

No. 953 is the latest pattern, very fine frame, deep bottom, 18-inch, \$9. 18-inch, \$10. 20-inch, \$11.



Wrist Bags

Real Walrus..... 1.50
Real Seal..... 1.00



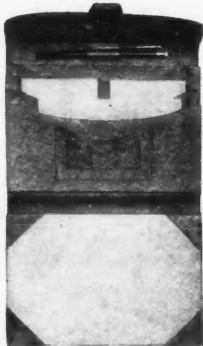
Chatelaine Bags

No. 1144-Real Walrus Bag in black, brown or gray. Price..... \$3.00
Other lines-50c. to 7.00.



Roll Collar and Cuff Cases

No. 70-Goatskin, in Black..... 1.25
No. 71-Real Grain, in Black..... 1.50
No. 72-Real Seal, in Black..... 2.50

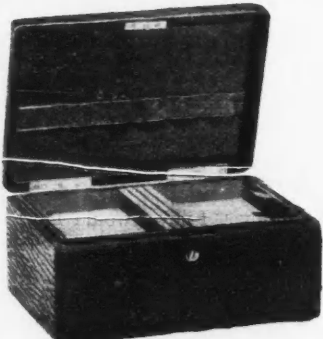


Writing Folios

No. 701-Real Morocco. Price..... 3.50
No. 705-Black Seal Grain. Price..... 5.00
No. 703-Real Morocco. Price..... 5.00
Other lines from \$1 to \$14

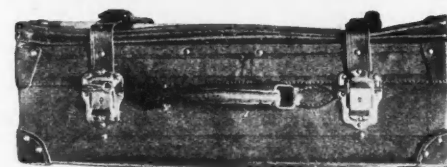
Umbrellas.

We make a specialty of Umbrellas for men. Prices from \$1.00 to \$10.00



Jewel Cases

Real Walrus, in black and brown. Prices-\$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$10.00



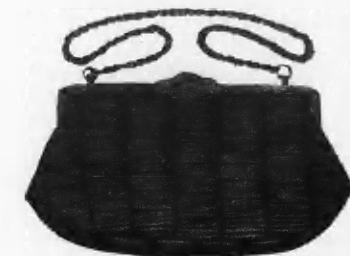
Bellows Suit Cases

No. 721-Linen lined, any color leather. Price..... \$14.00
No. 722-Leather lined, any color leather. Price..... 16.00
The Bellows Suit Case is light and can be easily carried. It is one of the latest articles in Traveling Goods.



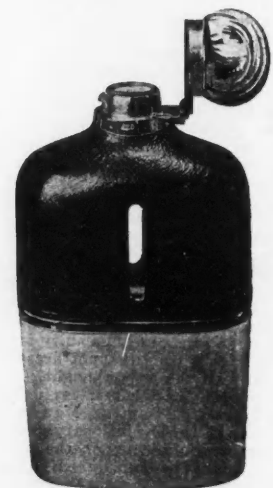
Sporting Goods

Special Sporting Goods Catalogue of goods of our own make will be mailed on request.



Wrist Bags

Real Walrus, any color..... 5.00
Fancy Alligator..... 7.00
Horn Back Alligator..... 12.50
Real Lizard..... 3.50



Flasks

We show the largest stock in Canada. PRICES FROM 50c. to \$5.00



Playing Card Cases

No. 1039-Fancy Leathers..... 1.00
No. 1040-Real Seal..... 1.25
No. 1042-Real Walrus..... 1.50
No. 1043-Real Alligator..... 2.00



Gentleman's Fitted Deep Club Bag

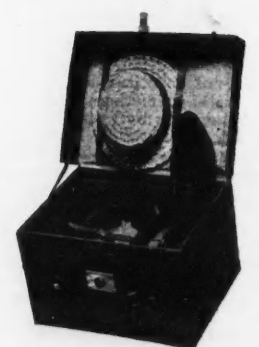
No. 991-Contains four Nickel Top Bottles, Best Ebony Brushes. Made of the best quality leather, English-sewed frame. 18 inch, \$20.00. 20 inch, \$21.00. STERLING TOP BOTTLES \$5.00 EXTRA.



Lady's Dressing Bags

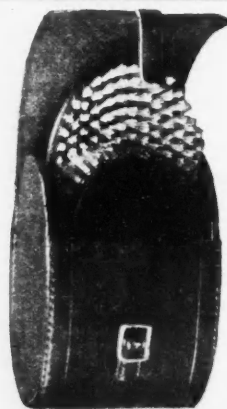
No. 982-Real Morocco Leather, contains Five Bottles, Xylonite Brushes, Curling Tongue and Spirit Lamp, Mirror and Manicure Set. PRICE-15 inch, \$27. 16 inch, \$30.

Toilet Articles in separate compartment on over side of Bag, arranged on detachable fall and made to stand on dressing table.



Men's Hat Boxes

No. 995-As illustrated. Holds 5 hats. Price..... 19.00
No. 988-Square. Holds 1 hat. Price..... 6.00
No. 989-Square. Holds Silk and Crush hat. Lined with black silk. Price..... 10.00



Military Brushes

Real Ebony. Prices-\$2 to \$6 per pair. CLOTH BRUSHES. Real Ebony. Price-75c to \$2 each. HAIR BRUSHES. Real Ebony. Price-75c to \$2 each.



Lady's Dressing Bags

No. 964-Real Morocco, lined with silk and leather. Xylonite Brushes. Fittings can all be taken out together. PRICE-\$14. NICKEL FITTINGS. PRICE-\$19. STERLING FITTINGS.



Gentleman's Fitted Suit Case

No. 990-24 inches, fitted with Best Ebony Brushes, Four Nickel Top Bottles, Mirror and Shaving-Brush and Shaving-Soap Box. PRICE, \$25.00. WITH STERLING TOP BOTTLES \$30.00.



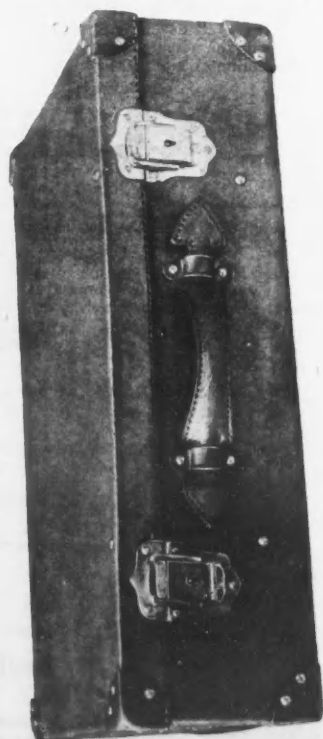
Lady's Dressing Bag

No. 993-Toilet articles on detachable stand at both ends of bag. Morocco Leather, Silk Lined, Xylonite Brushes, and Bottles with Electric-Plated Tops. PRICES-14 inch, \$30. 16 inch, \$33. With Ivory Brushes and Sterling Bottles. PRICE-15 inch, \$42.



Dressing Bag

No. 964-Made of the finest Cape Goatskin, Silk Lined, Genuine Ivory Brushes, Sterling Top Bottles, Pearl Manicure Articles, Writing Folio and Ink Bottle. Fitted compartment can be taken out. 14 inch, \$55. 16 inch, \$65. Same price fitted for Gentleman.



The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.
105 KING STREET WEST

